

T H E
Seuenth Tragedie of Seneca,
Entitled M E D E A: Translated
out of Latin into English, by I O H N
STVDLEY, Student in
Trinitie Colledge in
Cambzidge.

Printed at London in
Fleetstreete, beneth the
Conduit, at the Signe of
Sainct Iohn Euan-
gelist, by Tho:
mas Col:
well,

Anno Domini M.
D. LXVI.



¶ To the ryght honorable Frauncis
 Lord Russell, Earle of Bedford, one
 of the Quenes Maiesties priuie Counsell:
 Knight of the moste honorable
 order of the Garter, Lord Gouernour
 of Berwick, and Warden of the
 East marches. John Studley
 wisheth you healthe, with
 increase of Honor.



As it was not (right Ho-
 norable) the great ex-
 cesse, & abounduance of
 ANTONIUS glori-
 tinge fare, but the lytell
 precious Perle of CLE-
 OPATRA that won
 the price, when they con-
 tended, whether of the
 might deuoure more at one meale: Euen so
 this my lytell volume wherewith I present
 your Honour, may argue vnto your Lord-
 ship a more manifest proofof my good will
 towards your Honour, then y^e rich Jewels
 and somes of gold & silver, y^e worldly minds
 do ble to gratifie their frends withal. Ther-
 fore I knowynge your Honour to be of the
 lyke mind with hym y^e was Judge betwene
 CLEOPATRA & ANTONIUS, lightly
 esteeme, & highly contempne al brybng gol-
 den

den gift that as much or more glattereth ver-
tuous minds, then might *Antonius* excu-
fare: I haue presumed, to offer vnto your
Honour, a smal Pearle of y^e pearlelesse Poet
and most Christian Ethnicke *Seneca*, wherein
no glutting, but swete delectacion, is offred
vnto y^e mind that doth hunger after vertue.
But I neede not to burnish Gold beinge so
bright of it self, neither to comend the value
of it vnto him whose skilfull & lerned iudge-
ment can beter esteeme of it then an imbecillitie
is able to expresse. Therfore trustyng your
Honour (whose zeale in fauouring & furthe-
ryng all learnyng & good Studies is most
manifest) will accept my good will signified
by this tranel of my simple, rude & unskilful
pen, & beare with my bould attempt, wher-
vnto your Honours great curtesie hath high-
ly encouraged me to aspire, beseching your
Lordship to take vpon you the tuition of so
weake a fortreffe, whom wout your trustie
aide, the parlous force of yll tongues might
soone ouerthrow: promisyng your Honour
hereafter the further fruytes of my rype
Muse, I cease at this instant to trouble you:
whom I leaue to the tuition of our saviour
Iesus Christ: wishing your encrease of ho-
nour, long lyfe and luckie successe in all af-
fayres and attempts.

Your Honours to commaunde, John Studley.

The Preface to the Reader.

If I had not gentle Reader a better truste in thy gentlenesse, then affyance in myne owne weaknesse, I had not assayed thys second attempte, to bewraye my rudenesse and ignoraunce, vnto thy skilfull iudgemente: but though I mistrusted my selfe, yet I so reposed my hope in thee, that it gaue me corage to translate this one Tragedie more of *SENECA*, for the pleasure of the learned, and the profyte of the vnlearned by readyng of it in theyr natyue language. What kynde of Tragedie it is, or what is to be learned thereby, I nede not stand at large to dyscusse, beinge so playnly set furthe by *SENECA*, far better then I am able to shewe or translate it, so worthe-lye as he hath wrytten it: yet as God hath gyuen me grace, rudely and simply I haue performed it: And because that all thynge myght be to the better vnderstandyng and commodytie of the vnlearned, as in some places I do expound at large the darke sence of the Poet: so haue I chaunged the fyrste

Chorus

Chorus, because in it I sawe nothing but an
 heape of prophane storpes, and names of
 prophane Idoles: therfore I haue altered
 the whole matter of it, begynnynge thus:
 Who hath not wit. Diuers reasons could
 I aledge to maintayne thys myne altera-
 tion, but I truste thy gentlenes wyll waue
 it to the bittermoste, and take all thynges in
 better parte. Thus I bidd thee farewell.

¶ *P. in the Transla-
 tions behalfe.*

(cople)

Gudge not though yonger yeares doe
 where hope beddes might wade,
 whose sappye wytte more apter seemes
 to trauell in thys trade.
 For who can more Minervas face
 then lustye youth expresse?
 Or where doe Muses more delyghe
 then in thys youthfulnesse?
 Dame Nature sheweth in her woorkes
 how yonger thynges excell,
 The yonger flowers commonlye
 do gve the sweter smell:

The

The yonger towes wpth grener leaues
a iayrer face both shewe;
More gladsome is the pleasant plot,
where grener grasse doth growe,
We see also the fresher grape
doth make the sweeter wyne,
Why then should doying age at youth
for wante of age reppne?
Lee Senec crownde wpth Lawzell leafe,
in England now appeares,
Medea pende wpth hawtpe stile
now Englysh Meete weares:
O Pasquell paynte theyr pynnyng shame,
and Parca do not spare
Wpth spede to shred theyr lynes: that do
denye to graunt the share
And prayse vnto the paynfull pen,
that hath deserued so,
In bynyng thus abrode bys Muse
to prosyt freynde and foe.

The Argument to the Tragedie by the Translator.

Core fore did gripe Medea's hart, to see
Her Iason whom she rendred as her lyfe,
And rescued had from plunge of peris fies
Renouncing her, to take another wife,
Loue sprang in bayne breedes hate and malice rife,
Entynd' lyng coales, whose heate & greedie flame
(Saur streames of blood,) nought els can quench the same.

Medea mad in troubled minde doth muse,
On vengeance fell, to quit her greuous wronge.
Rougher plagues at length entendeth she to vse:
Yll benemous things she charmes wth charming song
Seekes out a Baane made of their popson stronge
In trayterous giftes a Robe, and charme of Golde
Nicely she doth the hidden popson folde.

Sent are the Sisters to Creuse and her Sier,
They takynge them that brought their dole to passe
Wherwar are burnt by meanes of charmed fire,
Due vengeance yet for Iason greater was,
Lye first on chylde by mothers handes (alas)
Expired hart, whiche thoughte it hym agryse,
Yet his other childe shee slayes before his eyes.

The names of the Speakers of this Tragedie.

Medea.

Chorus.

Nutrix.

Creon.

Iason.

Nuntius.

The fyrste Acte.

1.

Medea.



O Gods whose grace doth guide their god,
that soy in wedlocke pure, (As

O *Iuno* thou *Lucina* byght,
on whom the chary cure

Alotted is of those, that grone
in paynfull chyldeb bandes,

O *Pallas* by whose heavenly arte
Sir Typhis conning handes

Haue learnde to brydle with hys helme
hys newly framed boate,

Wherwith the force of fighting fluddes
he brykynge rydes a flote.

O God whose forked Mace dothe stormes
in rygour rough appeas,

And cause the ruffling surges couche
amid the rampinge Seas:

O *Titan* who vpon the swifte
and wherlinge *Hemispher*

Druides the chearefull day and nyght
by egall turnes tappare.

O threholde shapen *Hecate*
that sendest furthe thy lyght,

Unto thy splent Sacrifyse
that offered is by nyght;

B.

By

M E D E A.

By whom my *Iason* sware to me
o heauenly powers all,
And ye on whom *Medea* maye
with safer conscience call,
O Dungeon darks, moſte dzedfull den
of euerlaſtyng nyghte,
O dampned ghoſtes: o kyngdome ſet
agaynſte the gods arpyghte:
O Lord of ſad and lowzyng lakes,
o Ladye dire of Hell,
(Whom though that *Pluto* ſtalc biſozce
yet did his troth excell
The ſicle ſayth of *Iasons* lone,
that he to me dothe beare,)
With curſed throte I coniure you,
o gryſpe ghoſtes appeare.
Come out, come out, ye helliſh haggas,
reuenges this deede ſo dire,
Byng in your ſcratting pawes a bur-
nyng brande of deadly fyre.
Riſe bp ye hideous diueliſh ſeendes,
as dreadfull as ye weare,
When vnto me in wedlocke ſtate
ye dyd ſometyme appeare.
Wozke ye, wozke ye, the dolefull death
of thys new wedded wyfe.
And mazyze ye this father in lawe:
depyue of breath and lyfe

Kynge

Myngre Creons ruthfull samplie:
 in plunge of passyng payne
 Exhort me, that on my spouse
 do wythe thys woe to reyne:
 Preserue my Iasons lyfe, but yet
 let hym be bayted oute
 A mychpnyng, rogyng, runagate,
 in frozen townes aboute.
 To passe from doze to doze, wyth care
 to begge hys neddy bread.
 Not knowing in what harbyng place
 to couche hys curst head:
 A banysht wretche, dysdaynd of all,
 and still in feare of lyfe,
 Then let him with ten thousand times
 for me agayne hys wyfe:
 Thys famous gest whom every man
 wyl entertayne and haue,
 Let hym be dyspne at straungers gates
 the table crumes to craue.
 And that my bytter bannynge may
 wyth myschefe moste abounde,
 God graunt in gulphe of lyke dystresse
 hys chyldren may be drounde,
 To synke in sorowes stromes, that do
 there mother overflowe:
 Now, now, I haue, I haue the full
 reuenge of all my woe.

M E D E A

I haue dispatch : my piteous playnts
 and wordes in vayne I lose:
 What shall not I wth byolence
 get vp agaynst my foes?
 And w^zpng out of they^r wrested handes
 the wedding tozche so byggl^d?
 Shall I not force the firmament
 to lose his shynkyng lyght?
 What dothe my grandfirs *Phabus* face
 this heuie hap beholde?
 And standyng gaspyng at thys geare
 yet westwarde is he rolde,
 On glystryng chariot boysted byghe,
 and kepes his beaten race,
 Amid the chystall colourde skye,
 why turnes he not hys face,
 Retyringe faste into the East
 backe by the day to twayne?
 O father *Phabe* to me, to me,
 thy Charpot reygnes resygne,
 That I aduanced vp, aboute
 the marble skyes may ryde,
 Bequeath thy bydle vnto me,
 and giue me grace to guide
 Thy yoked pryncyng team, wth per-
 kyng lasse of burnyng whyp,
 That wth thy feruent sy^ry beames
 on purple poale doe skyp.

Lef

Let *Corinthe* cuntrey burnt to duffe
 by force of flame and fyre
 Gve place, that both the iumbled seas
 may toyne: whom to retyze
 It dothe compell, and dasheth of
 from banke on eyther syde,
 Least mete in one their chanel's might,
 whose streames he dothe deuyde.
 No way to worke theyr deadly woe
 I haue but thys at hande,
 That to the weddyng I should beare
 a ruthfull byrdall bande,
 Anoyenge *Creons* carelesse Court:
 when synned I haue
 Such solemne scrupce, as that ryghte
 of sacrafyce dothe craue,
 Then at the Alters of the Gods
 my chyldren shal be layne,
 With crimson colourd blood of babes
 their alters wil I staine. (harte,
 Through liuers, louniges, the lightes
 through euery gut and gall,
 For vengeance breake away perforce,
 and spare no blood at all:
 It anpe lustye lyfe as yet
 within thy soule do reste,
 Ifought of auncient corage styll
 doe dwell within my breste,

M E D E A

Exile all folys female feare,
and ppye from thy mynde,
And as thuntamed Tygers ble
to rage and raue vnkynde,
that haunt the crokyng combzus caues
and clumpzed frosen clines,
And craggy rockes of *Caucasus*,
whose bytter colde depzues
The soyle of all inhabytours,
permyt to lodge and rest,
Such sa uage brutys tyzanny
within thy brasen breste.
What euer hurly burlye wrought
dothe *Phasis* vnderstand,
What myghrie monstrous bloody teate
I wrought by sea or lande:
The lyke in *Corinth* shalbe seene
in moſte outragious gypse,
Moſte hiddious hatefull, horrible,
to heare, or see wyth eyes.
Moſt diuelys, desperate dreadfull dede,
yet neuer known befoze,
Whose rage ſhal force heauen, earth &
to quake and tremble soze. (bell
my burning brest that rowles in wrath
and dothe in rancour boyle,
Soze thzpfeth after blood, & woundes
with laughter, death and spoyle,
By

By rentyng racked lymms from lymms
 to dryue them downe to graue:
 Tush, these be but as fleabytynges,
 that mencioned I haue:
 As weyghtie thinges as these I dyd
 in greener girlysh age,
 Now sorowes smarte doth rub the gall
 and frets wyth sharper rage.
 But sith my wombe hath yelded fruit,
 it doth me well behoue,
 The strength and parlous puissance
 of weyghtier illes to proue.
 Be redye w:ath, wyth all thy myghte
 that furye kyndle maye,
 Thy foes to theyr destruction
 be redy to assaye:
 Of thy deuorment let the Pryce
 to matche, and counterpaye
 The proude & precious princely pomp
 of these new wedding dayes.
 How wilt thou fro thy spouse departe?
 as hym thou folowed hast
 In blood to bathe thy bloody handes
 and traytrous lyues to wast.
 Breake of in tyme these long delayes,
 abandon now agayne,
 Thys lewd alliaunce, got by gylte,
 with greater gylt refrayne.

B. lili.

Chorus

MEDEA

¶ Chorus altered by the
Translatour.

Who hath not wist that windie wordes be batne,
And that in talke of truste is not the grounde,
Here in a mirrour may be see it playne,
Medea so by proufe the same hath founde.
Who beyng blynde by blynded Venus boye,
Her beared eyes could not beholde her blisse:
Nor spy the p[re]sent popsen of her toy,
Whyle in the grasse the Serpent lurked is.
The waite that flew from Cupids golden bowe,
With feathers so hath dymd her daseld eyes,
That can not see to shun the waye of woe:
The ranclyng head in dented harte that lyes,
So dulles the same, that can not vnderstande
The cause that brought false Jason out of Grece,
To come vnto her fathers ferrill land,
Is not her loue, but loue of golden fleece.
Yet was hys speache so pleasant and so milde,
Hys tongue so fylde, hys promyses so fayre,
Sweete was the fowlers songe that hath beguylde
The selpe byde, brought to the lymed snare.
Fayth, in hys face, trust myned in hys eyes,
The blusmyng brow playne menynges semed to shewe,
In double harte black treason hydden lyes,
Dissembling thoughtes that weaue the webbe of woe.
The honyed lippes, the tongue in suger depre
Doe sweete the popson rancke within the brest,
In suble mew of paynted meath is kept,
The ruske harte of treason demed least,
Lyfe seemes the bayte to syght that lyet hym,
Death is the hook that vnderlyes the same,
The candell blase delyghts wyth burning tryn,
The flye, tyll she be burned in the flame,
Who in such mewes least demed any ille.
The hungrye fysh feares not the bayte to booke,
Tyll by the lyne doe pluck hym by the gylles,

And

And fast in throte hee feles the deadly hooke.
 Woe Jason, woe to thee most wretched man,
 O rather wretched Medea woe to thee,
 Woe to the one that thus dyssemble can,
 Woe to the other that trayned so myght be.
 Thoughtst thou Medea hys eyes to be the glasse
 Wherin thou myghte the face of thoughtes beholde,
 That in hys brest with wordes so couered was,
 As cancred blasphemous glosse of yelow golde?
 Wyt thou suppose that nature (more then kinde)
 Had placed hys harte hys lyunge lippes betweene,
 Hys lookes to be the mirrour of hys mynde?
 Fayth in fayth: face hath sildome yet ben seene.
 Who lykeneth to the flaterynge Maremaidens note,
 Must nedes commyt hys tryed eyes to slepe,
 Yelding to her the raking of hys boate,
 That meane's bntwarte to drowne hym in the depe.
 What boereth the: Medea to betraye
 The golden fleece, to fawnyng Jasons hande,
 From Dragons teethe hym safely to conuaye,
 And fynde Bullets the warders of the lande?
 Why for hys sake from father hast thou fled,
 And thrust thy selfe out from thy natyue soyle?
 Thy brothers blood what ayd thee to mede,
 Wyt Jason thus to trauell and to toyle?
 Beholde the meede of thys thy good desarte,
 The recompence that he to thee doth geue.
 For pleasure, payre, for ioye, most eger smarte,
 With cloggyng cares in banishment to lyne.
 Thou, and thy babes, are lyke to begge and starue,
 In Nation strange, (o miserable lyfe)
 Whyle Jason from hys promysse doe watue,
 And takes delyght in hys new wedded wyfe.
 O grounde vngate, that when thy husband man
 Hath tyld it, to recompence hys toyle
 No coine, but weeds, and thy flesk cumber can,
 To synge hys handes, that trupte seketh of hys soyle.
 Such benome growes of pleasure coloured flower:
 Loe, pynches loe, what deadly poyson sup
 Of hane, erst sweete, now turned into sowes,
 Medea dyant out of a goulden cup.

M E D E A

The seconde Acte.

Medea.

Nurix.

Woe me alas I am vndone,
for at the byrdall cheare
The warble note of weddinge
resounded in myne eare. (longe
Yet for all thys scant I my selfe,
yet scant beleue I can,
That Iason wolde play such a pranke,
amongst vnthanchfull man,
Both of my countrey, and my syze,
and kyngdome me to spoyle,
And yet forsake me wretche forlorne,
to straye in forreyn soyle.
O hath he such such a stony harte,
that dothe no more esteeme,
The great good turnes, and benefites
that I imployde on hym?
Who knowes, that I haue letwoly bled
enchautmentes for his sake,
The rigour rough, and stormy rage,
of swelling seas to stake.
The grunting spyresompyng Bulles
whose smokyng guttes were stufte
With

With smoltering fumes, & from thep
 A noſtrels out they puſt (ſawes,
 I ſtopt their gnaſhing mouching mou-
 I quēcht their burning bzeeth, (thes
 And vapors hott of ſteuynge paunche,
 that els had wrought hys death.
 Or ſedes he thus hys fanſye ſonde,
 to thynke my ſkyl of charme
 Abated is, and that I haue
 no power to doe hym harme?
 Beſtract of wittes, wth wauering mind
 perplex on euery parte,
 I toſſed, and turmoyled am,
 wth waywarde craſy harte.
 Now this, now that, and neither now,
 but now another waye,
 By dyuers meanes I toyle, that ſo
 my wzonge reuenge I maye.
 I wolde the wreatche a brother had:
 but what? he hath a wyfe:
 Go cut her throte, with gaſſly woundes
 berene her of her lyfe.
 On her ile worke my deadly ſpyte,
 her, her alone I craue,
 To quit ſuch bitter ſowſyng ſtozmes,
 as I ſuſteyned haue.
 If any graund notoryus gyle
 in all Pelasg^{is} lande

M E D E A

Be put in practyse yet vnknown
vnto thy harmyng hande,
Therof to get experience
the tyme doth now begyn:
Thy former seates doe byd thee take
good hope, to thysue herein:
Let al thy gyltes with thzonging thich
assemble thee to ayde,
The golden fleece (the chcese nonel)
of Colchys I le betrayde.
O my tender brother eke, that wyth
my sier dyd me pursue,
Whom wyth hys secrete partes cut of
I wycked virgin slewe,
Whose shreaded & dismembred corps,
wyth sword in gobbits he wd,
(A wofull coarse to thy fathers harte)
on Pontus ground I strewd.
How horre he added Pelias
hys wythzed age to thysue
To grener yeares, for longer lyfe,
hys doughters by my dysste
Hys members all and mangled flesh
wyth lycour scaldyng hot
ysodden, and perboyled hane,
in sethyng bzaen pot.
How ofte in haynous blood hane these
my cruell handes ben dyed?

And

And neuer any gylte as yet
 by wꝛath inflamde I tryed.
 But now the parlous poyſnyng wound
 of Cupids percing darte
 Doth boyle and rage wythin my bꝛest,
 it rancles at my harte.
 But how could Iason it redꝛesse,
 whom fortunes froward wyl
 Hath yeld vnto anothers hand,
 at luste to saue or spyll?
 O rage of rusty cancred mynde
 thys sclaundꝛous talke amende,
 If fortunes grace wyl graunt it thus,
 let hym vnto hys ende
 Lyue styll my Iason as he was,
 but if not Iason myne,
 Yet captiue suffer Iason lyue,
 though Iason none of thyne:
 Who beinge myndfull styll of vs
 some fauour let hym shewe,
 For these good turnes yꝛ our good will
 could earst on hym bestowe:
 Byng Creon is in all the fault,
 and onely woꝛthy blame,
 Who puffed by wyth scepter pꝛoude,
 vnable for to frame
 Hys tyckle mynde to modestye,
 made bꝛeache twixt vs agayne,
 wyth

M E D E A

Whom *Hymens* bands, and link of love
 had made but one of twayne,
 By whom eke from her tender brats
 the mother (*wzeatche*) is drawne,
 He breakes the bowe, that gaged is
 wyth such a precious paine.
 Seke after such a byllaynes blood,
 in dauntynge panges of smarte
 Let hym alone be surely dowst,
 such is hys due desarte,
 A dungell heapt of *Cinders* burnt
 hys *Dallayce* make I shall,
 that *Malea* where in winding strightes,
 the lpngryng *shyppes* doe crall,
 Shal gase on smolthryng turrets tops
 tarmoploe in cracklyng flame.

Nu. ¶ For godsake madame I you praye
 your tongue to sylene frame.

¶ Eke hyde your pryue languyshyng
 and greefe in secret bayne;

Who wyth a modest mynde abydes
 the spurres of pryckynge payne,
 And suffereth sorowes patiently,
 may it repaye agayne.

Who beares a pryue grudge in hys brest,
 and kepes hys malyce close,
 When least suspicion is therof
 may most anoye hys foes.

¶

He leseth oportunitie

who vengeance doth requyre,

That he wes by open sparks the flame
the heate of kyndled fyre.

¶ Small is the grype of greefe that can *Me.*
to reasons loze obaye,

And snekyng downe with steling steps
can stylie styppe awaye.

But they that thzoughly sowled are
wyth thowers of greater payne,

Can not digest such cozyses sharpe,
but cast it by agayne: *(girds.*

Fayne wolde I gyue them trouncynge

¶ Good daughter dere asswage *Nu.*

Thunbzydled swaye, and boyling heat
of thys thy gyddie rage:

Scant maist thou purchase quyetnesse
although thou holde thy tongue.

¶ The valiant harte dame fortune yet *Me.*
durst neuer harme wyth wzonge

But dreadyng dastards downe she dris-

¶ If any corage dure, *(ues. Nu.*

And harbzed bz in noble bzest,
now put the same in bre.

¶ The shoue of sturdye valiant harte *Me.*
at any tyme doth shyne.

¶ No hope doth in aduersyte
the way to scape asygne. *Nu.*

¶ The

M E D E A /

Me. **T**he that hath none affiance leste;
 noz any hope at all,
 Yet let hym not mystrust the luck
 of ought that may befall.

Nu. **T**hy Cuntrey clene hath cast thee of
 to let thee synke oz swym,
 As for thy husband Iason he,
 there is no trust in hym:
 Of all the wealth, and worldly muck
 wherwyth thou dyd abound:
 No porcion remaines at all,
 wherby some helpe is founde.

Me. **M**edea yet is leste, (so much.)
 and here thou mayst espye
 The Seas to succour vs in flyght,
 and landes aloofe that lye:
 Yea iron tooles, wyth burning brands
 we haue to worke them woe,
 And Gods that wyth the thunder dynt
 shall ouerquell our foe:

Nu. **W**ho weares y goldcrested crowne
 hym dread wyth alwe ye should.

Me. **M**y father was a kyng, yet I
 betrayed hys fleece of gould:

Nu. **C**an not the deadly vyolence
 of weapons make the feare?

Me. **N**o though suche grislye laddes they
 as whilom dyd appeare, (were
 That

That bred of gargell dragons teethe
in holow gappng ground,

When mutually in bloody fyght
eche other dyd confounde.

Nu. ¶ Then wylt thou cast thy selfe to death;

Me. ¶ Wolde God that I were dead.

Nu. ¶ Fly, fly to saue thy life. Me. ¶ Wo worth
the time that once I fled.

Nu. ¶ What o Medea. Me. ¶ Why shal I flye?

Nu. ¶ A mother dere art thou,
fly therfore for thy chyldrens sake.

Me. ¶ We see by wh'm, and how,
A wretched mother I am made.

Nu. ¶ Thy lyfe by flyght to saue
dost thou mistruste? Me. ¶ Fly, fly I will,
but vengeance first ile haue.

Nu. ¶ Then some shall thee at heeles pursue,
to wrecke the same agayne.

Me. ¶ Perhaps ile make his commyng short.

Nu. ¶ Be still, and now refrayne.

¶ Despyet dame thy thondring threates,
and stake your raging ire.

Apply, and frame thy froward will
as time and tides requyre.

Me. ¶ Full wel may fortunes melting whele
to beggynge brynge my state,
As for my worthy corage that
she neuer shall abate.

¶

¶

M E D E A.

Who bowning at y^e gates, doth cause
the creakinge doores to iar?
It is the weatche *Creon* his selfe,
whome princelie power far
Hath lyst aloft, with lordlye lookes,
past by with powncinge pryde,
That he maye *Corinth* contry with
the sways of scepter guyde.

Creon.

Medea.

M*Eda* that ungracious imp
kyng *Aetas* wicked chyld
Yet hath not from our carfull realme
her lingrynge foote exild.
Som noughtie dyspt she goes about,
her knackes of olde we knowe,
Her sugling artes, her harming hands
ar knowne well longe agoe.
From who will she be holde her harme?
whom will this cruell beast
Permit to liue from perrill fre
in quietnesse and rest?
Clean to cut of this parlous plauge
It was our purpose bent,
But *Iason* by entreting hard
did cause vs to relent.

At

At his request we graunted haue
 her lyfe she shall enioye,
 Let her acquit our contrye fre
 from feare of all annoye:
 Pea safely let her pack her hence,
 in eger gyddye fitt
 With lompish lōwring looke she come
 in talke with me to knitt:
 Sirs kepe her of, and set her hence,
 lest vs she touche per hap,
 And drine her backe from cōming nigh
 commaund her kepe her clapp.
 And let her learne at length, how that
 her selfe submit she maye,
 The puissaunt payse and maiestie
 of pzinces to obaye.
 Run, hie the quickelye, trudge apace,
 haue hence out of my syght
 This horrible, most odious quean,
 this monstrous wycked wight.
 My soueraygne liege, what greater
 haue I or lesse offence
 Commit agaynst thye maiestie,
 to be exiled hence?
 Alas the gyltles woman doth
 demaunde a reason whye:
 If thou be iudge indifferent,
 ordaynd my cause to trye.

Me.

(crime

Cre.

Me.

C. II.

Consider

M E D E A.

Consyder then my doubtfull case,
and wey the ground of it:
If thou bekyng, cōmaunde a Judge
for such a matter syt.

Cre. The pꝛynces powꝛe thou shalt obey,
bit eyther ryght or wꝛonge.

Me. The prosperus pꝛyde of wꝛongpꝛyde
cannot endeuer longe. (crownes

Cre. Anaunt, & yell out thy complayntes
at *Colchis*, get thee hence.

Me. Full gladly wyl I get me home,
if he that brought me thence
Wouchsafe to beare me back agayne.

Cre. Alas to late arylse
Entreatyng wordes, when as decree
is taken oꝛ her wylse.

Me. He that not herpꝛyng either parte
pronounceth hys decree,
Unryghteous man accompted is,
though ryght hys sentence bee.

Cre. Whyle *Pelias* trusted to thy talke,
from lyfe to death he fell.

Go to, begyn, we gyue you leave
your goodly tale to tell.

Me. That tpye of regall maiestye
that erst by *Fortunes* hands
Aduaunced to I dyd attayne,
hath taught me vnderstande.

How harde a thyng it is of wrauth
 the rygour to asswage,
 When burnyng heat of boyleng brest
 in flames begyns to rage.
 The for thaduañcement of their power
 more to dysplay in syght
 They kyngly corage bolstered out
 with maieste of myght.
 They deme it dothe importe asswage,
 and hath a greater grace,
 Whom stately scepter causd to climbe
 alofte to prouder place.
 To persenere with fanyse fonde,
 in that to reasons syght,
 Whose geedy choyse attaynted syth
 hys mynde wyth bayne delght.
 For though in petyous plight I lye,
 thowne downe to great decaye,
 With heauy hap, and ruthful chaunce,
 to myserable stave,
 Thus hunted out from place to place,
 forsoke and left alone,
 A wyddow whyle my husband lyue,
 wyth cause to wayle and mone,
 Perplext in maze of myserie,
 wyth cloyenge cares so ryle,
 Yet whylom I in golden trone
 haue led in happy lyfe.

C.ii.

By

M E D E A

By bygh and noble parentage
my byghyt renoune doth shine.
From *Phœbus* eak my graundfyr great
derpyed is my ligne.
Whear *Syluer* streamed *Phasis* flood
hys waschyng wanes dothe shed,
W^{ch} wyth contrary crosyng wapes
hys bathyng channell spred.
What euer wandzyng coast stretcht out
is left aloofe behynde,
from whence the roaming *Scithyan* sea
hys channell furthe doth fynde,
Whear as *Meotis* fenny plashe
wyth pure fresh water spynges
Dothe season sweete the byyny sea,
that tyde in thyther bynynges.
Eke all the coastes enuyroned
and kept wythin the bankes
Of *Thermodon*, where warlyke troupes,
and armed wyddowes ranches,
with paynted bucklers on theyr armes
holde all the lande in feare,
with rigour rough of threating sword
with force of denyng speare.
So far to al these wandzyng coastes
and cuntreys round aboute,
My fathers ample regiment
at large is stretched out.

I beinge thus of noble race
 and in an happy plyght,
 With glorious glasse of princely pomp
 in honour shynnyng bryght,
 Then pearlesse peares my spousal bedd
 dyd seke and seme to haue,
 But those to be theyr louyng feres
 now other Ladyes craue,
 Kisse, ricle, pryncly, bndyscrete,
 and waueryng fortunes wheele,
 Hath cast me out the crussyng cares
 of banishment to feele.
 In scepter proude and haughty crowne
 for thyne affpance faste.
 Syn bysdowne with welkyn wheele
 whole mountes of wealth is caste.
 Thys prynces do possesse, that should
 theyr royaltie dysplay,
 Whose fame shall neuer rayed be
 with stozme of lowyng daye,
 To succour those whom myscrepe
 in pyt of paynes dothe louse,
 To theylde and harbor supplantes
 in roose of loyall house.
 This onely brought I from my realme
 the precyous golden fleece,
 That is well cheese, and eke the flower
 of Chynalry in Greece,

M E D E A

The sturby p2op, the rampir stronge
the bulwarke of your wealth,

And *Hercules* the boy strus Imp
of Ioue I kept in health.

It was by meanes of my good wyll
that *Orpheus* dyd escape,

Whose harmony the spucleffe rocks
wyth such delyght dyd rape,

That forced even the clotted lumps
with hoblyng p2yck to p2aunce,

And eke the ioconde nodding brooddes
wyth fotyping fyne to daunce.

And that those heauenly twyns *Castor*
and *Pollux* dyd not dye,

My dew desarte is doubled twyse,
syth them p2eserued I.

Of *Boreas* blastyng out wyth pas-
fed cheekes hys blastyng breath

Hys wynged sonnes I kept alpye
bothe *Calais* and *Zeth*.

And *Lincus* that with pearcing beames
and sharper syght of eye

Could p2aues on the farther banckes
of *Sicill* thoz e spy.

And all the *Minians* that did come
the golden Fleece to wyn,

As for the p2ynce of p2ynces all
I wyll not b2ynge hym in.

Wyth

Wpith splence Iason wpll I passe,
 for whom though hym I saue,
 yet is not Grece in debt to me,
 no recompence I craue.
 To no man hym I do impute,
 the rest I brough I agayne
 for your anaple, that you ther by
 some profyt myght attayne.
 But onelye on my Iason deare,
 hym for my owne lones sake
 I kept in stoz, that he of me
 hys wedded wife shoulde make.
 None other fault (God wot) ye haue
 to charge me wpth but thys,
 That Argo Shipp by meanes of me
 returned safelpe is.
 If I a shamefast mayde had not
 wpth Cupids bayte ben caught,
 If more my fathers healthe to haue
 then Iasons I had sought,
 Pelasga land had bene vndone,
 and salne to great decaye,
 The lustye valyant Capytaynes
 had cleane bene cast awaye:
 And iolpe Iason fyrste of all
 this now thy sonne in lawe,
 The Buls had rent his swallowed lims
 in spery chompyng lawe.

C. b.

Let

M E D E A.

Let Fortune fyght agaynst my case
as lyf her elyph wyl,
Yet neuer shall it greue my harte,
repent my dede I nyl,
That I should for so manye kynges
theyr relynge honour saue,
The guerden due that I for thys
my cryme comyt must haue,
It lyeth Creon in thy hande,
if thus it lyketh thee,
Condemne my gyltpe gobste to death,
but render fyrste to mee,
My fault that forced me offende,
then Creon graunt I thys,
Receayng I asyn (cause of cryme)
I gyltpe dyd amysse.
Thou knowest that I was such an one
when courynge low I laye,
Before thy fete in humble wyse
and dyd intrearynge praye,
Thy gracious goodnes me to graunt
some succour at thy hande.
For me a wreache and wreached babes
I aske wythin thys lande
Some cotage base, in outcast hole,
some couchyng corner byle,
If from the towne thou dyspiche us out
to wander in exile,

Then

Then some bye place aloofe wythin
this realme let vs obtayne.

How I am none that tyrant lyke Cre.
wyth churlysh septer raygne,

For proudly or dysdaynfullye,

with hauwie coꝝage bye,

with baſtingfoote do ſtamp the do ſone
that vnderroden lye,

And daunted are in carefull bale,

thys playnlye dothe dyscloſe,

In that to me of late I ſuche

a ſonne in lawe haue choſe,

Who was a wandꝝyng pylgrim pooꝝe,

wyth ſoze afflyctyons ſraight,

Dysmayde wyth terror of hys ſoe,

that laye for hym in wayght.

Because Acaſtus haupnge got

the crowne of Theſſail lande,

Requyꝛeth in thy gylty blood

to bathe hys weackfull hande.

He dothe bewayle that good olde man

hys ſyble father ſlayne,

Whom wayght of peres wyth bowing

to ſtoope alow conſtraine. (back

The godlye mynded ſyſters, all

pyblinde wyth myſtꝝe bale

And clokyng colour of thy craſte

durſte ventroſly aſſayle.

That

M E D E A

That mount of myscheiffe merueylus,
 to mangle, beate, and cut,
 They fathers dere vnloyned lymms
 In boyleng caldron put.
 But for thy open gyltynes
 if thou can purge the same,
 Strayght ason can dyscharge hym selfe
 from blot of gyltpe blame.
 His gentle handes were neuer stained
 wth goze of any blood.
 Aloofe from your conspyracte
 refraynyng far he stood.
 By a harmelesse handes put not in hys
 wth goze tooles to mell.
 But thou that setst on fyre thyse
 these myghty myscheiffs sell,
 Whō shamelesse womans wilte bynde
 and manly stomack stoute
 Doe set a gog, for to attempt
 to bynge all this aboute.
 And no regarde at all thou hast,
 how scandynge trumpe of fame
 Wth rnyngng blast of good or ill
 do blowe abroad thy name:
 Get out and cleanse my spyled realme,
 awake together beare
 Thyne herbes vnmylde of sozcery,
 my lpyges ryd fro feare.

Transpore

OF SENECA.

17

Transporte thee to some other lande,
wheras thou may at ease
With odious noise of diuelliſh charme,
the troubled Gods displeaſe.

If needes thou wilt haue me anoyde, *Me.*
my ſhypp to me reſtoze,

O, els my mate wyth whom I ſpake
argued on thys ſhore:

Why doſt thou byd that by my ſelfe
I onely ſhould be gone?

I came not hether at ſpake wythout
my compaigne alone.

If thys do thee aggryeſe, that brunt
of warres thou ſhalt ſuſtayne,

Comaunde vs both the cauſe therof
to ſhun thy realme agayne:

Why both are gyltye of one acte,
why doſt thou partte vs twayne?

For Iasons ſake, not for myne owne,
poore Pelias was ſlayne.

Anner vnto my traytrous ſpyght
the conquerd bootye braue,

My harte headed naturall ſier,
whom I forſaken haue,

Wyth brothers bloody fleſh that mango
led was wyth carnynge knyfe,

Ought of Iasons forged lyes
he gabbes vnto hys wyfe.

Thes

M E D E A

These dreary dedes are none of myne;
 so ofte as I offende,
 Not for myne owne comoditie,
 to come therby in thende.

Ere. Time is expleyd, by which thou ought
 to hane bene gone awaye,
 With keepng such a chat why dost
 thou make so longe delaye?

Me. Yet of thy bountye ere I goe.
 thys one boone wpll I craue.
 Although the mother banysht
 so sore offended haue,

Let not the vengeaunce of my faulte
 thzough wꝛathfull deadly hate,
 Myne innocent and gyltlesse babes
 torment in wꝛeacht state.

Ere. Away: with louing frendely grypte
 thy chyldzen I embrace,
 And as a father naturall
 take pytie on theyꝛ case.

Me. Euen for the prosperous good encrease
 of fertill spousall bed,
 Of Glauce bꝛyght thy doughter deare,
 whom Iason late hath wed.
 And by the hope of fruytfull seede,
 whose flowꝛe in tyme shall bloome.
 By thonour of thy glystꝛyng crowne,
 ythꝛalde to fortunes doome;

Withych

Whych the so full of chop and chaunge
With tycle turnyng wheele

Whirls by & downe, in staggering state
makes to and fro to reele.

I thee beseeche, (syth to exyle
I am departing now)

O Creon but a lytle pause
for merce me allow,

Whyle of my mournyng beate to kyse
my last farewell I take.

Whyle gaspe of saylyng breath perhap
my thyneryng lyms for sake.

Whyth craft entendyng some decesse Cre.
thou crauest thys delaye.

What falshe for so lytle tyme Me.
be cause of terrour maye?

So litle of tyme is thorte ynough Cre.
dyspleasure to pzeuent.

Can not one litle to weppng eyes Me.
and cryllyng teares be lent?

Although agaynst thy earnest sute Cre.
vnluckye dread do stryue,

One day to settle thee alwaye
content I am to gyue.

Thys is to much, and of the same Me.
sumwhat abydge ye maye.

Make speede apace. if from our land Cre.
thou get thee not awaye,

Cre

M E D E A

Ere Phabus horse wyth golden glebe
 theyr streamyng beames do shed,
 Of dawning lampe, thou art condemn'd
 to lese thy wretched bed.
 The holye day and byrdall both
 doe call me hence awaye:
 And wyls me at the sacred aare
 of Hymeneus to praye.

¶ Chorus.

Life of life and dreadlesse was the wyght,
 Attemptyng fyre in slender totteryng Barge
 Wyth styryng Oze the speede waue to smyte,
 And durst commyt the dayntie tender charge
 Of hazered lyfe to inconstant cours of winde,
 That turnes wyth chaunge of chauncers euermore,
 To bew the land forsoke a looke behynde,
 And mouyng furthe the wypp from safer shore,
 And glauncyng through the fomy channell deepe
 On sunder cut wyth slender stem the waue,
 Twixt hope of lyfe, and dread of death to sweepe,
 In narrow gut hym selfe to spyll or saue:
 Experienc: yet of Planets no man had,
 They neded not the wandryng course to knowe
 Of Stars, (wherwyth the painted skye is clad,)
 Nor Winds, (whych returne of saylyng now)
 Nor byades, that wyth the waves the Seas do beate)
 No nor the sturne Amalthes beyned lead
 (Who gaue the typpes of luckynge Ioue the reate)
 Were wonte to put the blunderyng wypp in dread.
 They feared not the northerne psey wayne,
 whych lazy olde bootcs wylde behynde,

And

And twyned aboute, no name yet could they sayne
 For Bozeas rough, nor smother western wynde.
 Yet Typhys bould on open seas durst make
 Hys hoisted sayles, and for the wynds decree
 New lawes: as now full gale aloofe to blow,
 Now tackle turnde to take syde wynde alee,
 Now by to farte the crossayle on the mast,
 Theare safe to hange, the top sayle now to spred,
 Now mussel sayle, and diabler out to cast,
 When daglyng hanges hys marttyng tackle red
 Whye scarisman stur, and bulpe neuer blyn,
 Wyth pyth to pull all sayles eke to dysplay,
 Wyth tooth and nagle all force of wynde to wyn,
 To weare the seas, and quych to scud awaye.
 The golden worlde our fathers haue possesst,
 Where banysht fraude durst neuer come in place,
 All were content to lyue at home in rest,
 Wyth hoire head, graye beard, and furrowed face.
 Whych tract of tyme wythin hys contrye brought,
 Ryche haupng lytle, for more they dyd not topr,
 No bente for wares, nor Traficque far they sought,
 No weale that sprang beyonde theyr natyue soyle,
 The Thessall Mye together now hath set,
 The worlde that well wyth seas dysseuered laye,
 It byddes the floods wyth oars to be bet,
 And streames unknown wyth mynwack be to fray
 That wyched Rele was loste by ruthfull wack
 Ytossed through such perylles passyng great,
 Where Cyanes rocks gan roze as thynnder crack,
 Whose bounchyng boult the shaken soyle doth beat,
 The lowlyng surges dalsmed euerye ear,
 The pecked seas the cloudes alofte betayd,
 Thys scuffling dyd bould Typhis mynd detar,
 Hys helme dyd slipp from tremblyng hande dismayd.
 Then Orpheus wyth his drowpyng hair was mum
 Dead in her dumpes the flauntyng Argos glee,
 All hush in rest wyth sylence, waxed dum,
 What hardye hatte askound here wolde not bee?
 To see at once eche yawnyng mouth to gape,
 Of Syllas gulph compact in walloyng paunche,
 Of dogges, who dorhe not lothe her mongrell shape,
 D. Ite

M E D E A.

Her visage, best, and hyddvovs bgly haunches?
Whom erkeeth not the scouldr wyth barking styll?
To here the Mermaydes dire who doth not quayle,
That lare the eares wyth pleasant syngyng myll
Of such as on Ansonius sea doe sayle?
When Ophheus on his twanchlyng harpe did playe,
That eark the Muse Calliop gaue to hym
Almost those Nymphes that wanted was to stape
The myppes, he causd fast folowyng hym to swym.
How dearely was that wycked iourney bought?
Medea accurst, and eke the golden fleece,
That greater harme the storme of seas hath wrought
Rewarded well that boiage first of Grece.
Now seas controulde doe suffer passage free,
The Argo proude erected by the hand
Of Wallas fyfte, doth not come layne that we,
Conuerd hath back. the kynges into theyr land,
The wherry boat now scuddes aboute the deepe,
All styngs and waates are taken cleane awaye,
The Cypres frame new walles them selues to keepe,
The open world lettres nought rest where it laye:
The Hoves of Ind Arxis luckwarine leake,
The Persians Routs in Rhene and Albis became
Do bathe theyr barkes, tyme shall in synce out breake
When Ocean waue shall open euery realme.
The wandrynge world at will shall open lye.
And Typhis will some new found land suruaye.
Some trauelets shall the Contreys far espye,
Beyond small Thule, knowne furthest at this daye.

The third Acte.

Nurix.

Medea.

Why trotst thou fysking in & out
so rash from place to place?
Stand styll, and of thyne eger wozath
suppre the ruthiull race,

The rigour rough of rampyng rage
 from burnyng brest out cast,
 As *Bacchus* bedlem pzeptes that of
 his spzpte haue felt the blast,
 Run frantycck hoytyng vp and do wne
 wyth scptysh wayward wyttes,
 Not knowyng any place of rest,
 so pzyete wyth frowarde fytes,
 On cloudye top of *Pindus* mounte
 all hyd wyth snow so chyll:
 Ozeis vpon the lofthe ridge
 of branched *Nisa* hyll:
 Thus startyng still with frouced mynd
 the walters to and froe,
 the sygnes pronoūcyng pzoofe of pangs
 her frensie face doth shewe.
 With glowing cheekes, & bloodred face
 wyth thozte and gaspyng breath,
 She fetcheth depe ascendyng syghes
 from sobbynge harte beneath.
 Now blithe she smiles, ech tobled thou:
 in pondzng bzaïne she beats, (ght
 Now standes she in a mammeryng,
 now myscheyfe loze she threats.
 In chaufing fume she burnes in wozath,
 and now she doth complayne,
 With blubbering teares a fresh biline
 she weepes and wayles agayne.

D. II.

Where

M E D E A.

Wher will this lumpish load of cares
with heblong swaye allighte?
On whome entendethe she to worke
the threates of her dispite?
Wher will this huge tēpestious surge
ake downe it selfe agayne?
Enkindled furpe newe in brest
beginnes to boyle a mayne.
She secretly entendes no mist-
chife small noz meane of lyse
To passe her selfe in wickednes
her buspe bzaynes deuise.
The token old of pinchyng ire
full well er this know I:
Sum hainous hounge, outragious great
and dzedfull stozme is nie:
Her firtie, scowling, steaming eyes,
her hangynge groyne I se,
Her powting, puffed, frownyng face,
that sygues of freating be.
O myghtie Ione begyle my feare:
O wretche if thou desire,
What measure ought to paise thy wra-
then learne by Cupides fire, (the
To hate as soze as thou didst loue,
shall I not them anoye
That do vnite in sponsall bed,
theyz wanton lust entoye?

Me.

Shall

Shall *Phæbus* fierie footed horse
 go lodge in westerne waue
 The drowping day, that late I did
 with humble crouching craue,
 And with suche earnest busie sute
 so hardlie graunted was,
 Shall it departe er I can bringe
 my deuplisse dryfte to passe?
 While boueryng heuen dothe counter
 sed hange with egall space, (pai-
 Amid the marble hemispheares,
 whyle rounde with stinted race,
 The gorgeous skye aboue the earthe
 doth spinning roll about,
 Whiles that the number of the sands,
 lyes hid vnserched out.
 While dawninge dawe dothe kepe hys
 with *Phæbus* blase so bright, (cours
 While twinkling stars in golden trai-
 do gard the stombzte night, (nes
 While I lie vnder propping poale
 with whizzlyng swyng so swyft
 The shyning beares vnbatched aboute
 The frosen skye do lifte,
 While flushing flooddes y frothy strea-
 to rustling seas do send, (mes
 To gird them gript w̃ plunging pangs
 my rage shall neuer end.

D.iii.

With

M E D E A

With greater heat it shall reboyle,
 lyke as the bristlye beast,
Whose tyranye most horryble,
 exceedeth al the rest,
What gredye gappnge whyzle poole
 what parlous gulphe vnmyld, (wide
What *Sylla* coucht in rozyng rockes
 oz what *Charybdes* wyld,
 (That *Sicil* and *Iouinum* sea
 by frothy waues doth sup)
What *Aetna* bolking stiking flames,
 and duskye vapours vp,
 (Whose heauye payse by steynyng heat
 doth smoldryng crashe beneath
Encelades, that sterte flakes
 from choked throte doth breathe)
 Can wyth suche dreadfull menaces
 In stweynyng furye frye?
 No ryuer swift no troubled surge
 Of stormye sea so hye,
 No sturdy seas (whom rustling winds
 wyth ragynyng force to roze)
 No puissant flash of fyre, whose might
 By boysteous blast is moze,
 May hyde my angers violence:
 my furye shall it soyle:
 His court I le ouer houre, and lay
 it leuel with the soyle.

My Iasons harte did quake for feare
of Creon cruell kyng.

And lest the kyng of Theſſalye
would warr vppon hym bring.

But loyall loue that hardens hartes
makes no man be afrighte.

But beet, that he conuict hath yeilde
hym ſelfe to Creons myght.

Yet once he myght haue byſpyed,
and come to me hys wyfe,

To talke, and take hys laſt farewell.
if daunger of hys lyfe

In doing thys (harde harted wretche
moſt cruell) he ſhould feare,

He beyng Creons ſonne in law,
for him it leſuill were,

To haue prozged ſomwhat yet
my heuyn banishment,

To take my leue of chyldren & wayne
one onlpe day is lent:

Yet do I not complayne, as though
the tyme to ſhort I thought.

As proſe ſhall plaine pronouce, to day,
to day, it ſhall be wroughte,

The memozye wherof no tract
of tyme ſhall wypp awaye.

With malyce bent agaynſt the godes
my wyath ſhall them aſſay:

D. lili.

And

M E D E A

And rifling euerye thyng, both good,
and bad, I wyll turmoyle.

Nu.

CMadame thy mynde that troubled is,
and roft with fuch abyfle

Of fwarming illis, thy vexed brest
now fet at rest agayne,

The peupthe fonde affections all
of troubled minde refrayne.

Me.

Then onelye can I be at rest,
when euerye thyng I see

Thrown hedlong topsie turuey downe
to ruthfull end wyth me.

Wyth me let al thynges cleane decay:
thy self if thou do spyll,

Thou mayst dye to destruction
what els with the thou wilt:

Nu.

Eft in this follye styff thou stand
beholde what after clappes

Ar to be feard, none dare contryeue
for pzinces traynyng trappes.

Iafon.

Medea.

O Luckles lot of froward fates
o cruel fortunes happe,

Both when she lyst to Smyte, or spare,
in woe she doth vs wrypp

A like:

A lyke, the salve that God hath geuen
so oft, to cure our greife,
Mozz noyeth then the soze it selfe,
and sendeth lesse reliefe:
If for her good desartes to me
amendement I shuld make,
I hazard shuld my ventrous life
tolese it for her sake.
If I wpll shun my dismall daye
and wpll not for her die,
Then want the lone of loialtie
A wretched man must I.
No dastardes dread my stomaks stoute
can cause to droupe and thynke,
But mere remozse appauleth me,
when on my babes I thynke.
For why? when carfull parentes are
ons rest of lyfe and bzeath,
Sone after them ther wretched seede
ar drawne to dolfull death.
O Sacred ryghteousnes (if thou
enioye thy worthye place
In perfect blyss of happie heauen)
I call bpon thy grace,
And the for witnes here alledge,
how for my chyldzens part
With pitte prycke I haue committe
these thynges agaynst my harte.

D. b.

And

M E D E A.

And so I thinke Medea her selfe
the mother rather had,
(Though franticklye as now she fares
with rage of hart so madd
And dothe abhor with paynfull poke
of combrous cares to toyle).
Her spousall bed, then that her seede
should take the plonking soile.
I dyd determin in my minde,
to go her to entreate
With gentle wordes, & pray her cease,
in feruent wrath to create.
And lo on me when on she kaste
the beames of glaucinge eye,
Full blythe she leapes, she iumpes for
in fittes she ginnes to crye. (ioye,
Depe de adlic blackish hate she seemes
in out warde brow to beare,
And whollye in her frownyng face
doth glutting grefe appeare.
Me. **U** packing, packyng, Jason am:
this still to chopp, and change
The fierynge soyle of my abode,
to me it is not straunge.
The cause of my departure yet
(to me is straunge), and new.
I wonted was in folowynge the
all places to eschewe:

I will

I will depart, and get me hence,
 to whom for helppng hande
 Entendest thou to sende vs furthe,
 whom hence to flie the land
 Thou dost compell wth thyne allies?
 Shall I repaire agayne
 To Phasis flood, to Colchis Ile,
 or to my fathers raygne?
 Or goye swetyng felde, that wth
 my brothers blood do reeke?
 What hat bring lands aloufe dost thou
 commaund vs out to seeke?
 What seas appoynt ye me to passe?
 Shall I my iourney d^yue,
 Uppon the parlous hatefull lawes
 of Pontus to ar^yue,
 By which I dyd saufe conduct home
 kynges valaunt armies great,
 Wher rozing rockes wth thund^yng
 the flapping waues do beate, (noyse
 Or on the nare & w^zackfull sho^re,
 of Simplegades thwayne?
 Or els to small Hiolcos town
 can I retourne agayne?
 Or toyle, y^e gladsome pleasant lauds
 Of Tempe to attayne?
 All places that I opened haue
 Unto thy passage free,

M E D E A.

I shut them by agaynst my selfe,
now whether sendest thou me?
A banysht wretche to banysment
thou woldest haue enclyne,
Yet to the place of her exyle
thou canst not her assigne.
Yet for all that wythout delaye
I must departe and go:
And why? for sothe the kynge his sonne
in lawe commaundet so.
Well: nothyng wyll I stand agaynst,
wyth grypes of passynge payne
Let me be scourge, of my desartes
suche is the gotten gayne.
Let *Creon* in hys princely russe
lay to hys heauye handes,
To whyp an whoze, in torments sharp,
wyth iron gyues, and bandes
Let her be chaynd, in hydiouse hole
of nyght for aye her locke:
Let her be cloyed wyth pestryng payle
of restlesse rowlyng rocke.
Yet lesse than I deserved haue,
in all thys shall I fynde:
O thou vncurteous Gentleman,
consyder in thy mynde
The flampe pusses, and fyre gaspes
of gasly gappng bull,

And

And *Metas* catell ryche wyth fleece
 of gorgeous golden wooll,
 That went to graze amyd so great
 and myghtye feares in feylde,
 Of vncontrouled nacpon,
 whose soyle dothe armpes pessde.
 Kenoke to mynde the deadly dartes
 of suddayne startynge foe,
 when gastly warriours (*Tellus* broode)
 to grounde agayne byd goe
 thzough slaughter red of mutual lalice,
 to thys yet further passe,
 The lurched Fleece of *Phrixes* Ramme,
 that all thynne errand was.
 And bglome *Argos* slumberlesse,
 whom fast I causde to kepe
 Hys werpe watchyng wyntyng eyes
 wyth vnaquaynted slepe.
 My brother eke, whose fatall cwytt
 of feble lyfe I shzed,
 And gylt that wzought so many gyltes
 when as wyth thee I fled.
 The daughters whom I set on worke
 entrapte in wylpe trayne,
 To slaye theyz syze, that shall not ryse
 to quyckned lyfe agayne.
 And how to tranell other realmes,
 I set myne owne at nought.

By

M E D E A

By that good hope whych of thy seeds
conceaued is in thought,
Take by thy stable mancion place,
and myghtie monsters, that
Downe beaten for thy health, I caused
before thy feete to squat,
And by these drudging handes of mine
vnspared for thy sake,
For dread of dangers ouerpass
that caused thee to quake,
By heauens aboue, and seas belowe,
that wytnesse bearers be,
To knyttynge of our maryage vyppre,
thy mercye bayle to me.
Of all the heapes of treasure great
so far of being fet,
Whych *Aetas* sauage *Scythians*
dyd trauell for to get,
from *Ind.* where *Phabus* scorching blase
dothe dye the people blacke.
Of all this golde whych in our bowlers
we could not well compact,
But tryck and trym we garnysht
our grones with golde so gaye,
I banysht wretche of all thys stuffe
gat nought wyth me awaye,
Excepte my brothers slaughtred flesh;
yet I employed the same

On

On thee: the cares of cuntries healths
my honestye and shame.

My father, and my brother both
bath yeilded place to thee,

Thys is the dowrye that thou had
my wedded spouse to bee.

To her whom thou doest abrogate
restoze her gooddes agayne.

¶ When Creon in malycious moode Ia.
had thought thee to haue slayne,

Entreated wth my teares eryle,
and lyfe he gaue to thee.

¶ I toke it for a penyment, Me.
but surely as I see

Thys banishment is now become
a frendly good rewarde.

¶ Whyle thou hast time to go be gone, Ia.
for mooste seueare, and harde

The kynges dyspleasure euer is.

¶ Thus woldste thou dodge me out? Me.

Thy hated trull cast of thou doest
that please Creuse thou mought.

¶ Doest thou Medea bybryde me wth Ia.
the breache vnkynnd of loue?

¶ And slaughter byle wth trecherie Me.
wherto thou dyd me mone.

¶ When al is done what canst thou say Ia:
my gyltynes to stayne?

¶ Euen

M E D E A

Me.

Euen whatsoeuer I haue done.

Ia.

But moze thys doth remayne:
That thy vnglacvours wyckednes
of harme should me accuse.

Me.

Thine, thine, they ar, they ar al thine
what euer I dyd vse.

Who y of lewdnes reapes the fruite,
is grafter of the same.

Let euerp one wyth infamie
thy wretched spouse defame,
Yet doe thou onely take her partte,
her onely doe thou call

A iuste and vndefyled wyght,
wythout offence at all.

If anye man shall for thy sake
polute hys hand wyth ill,
To thee let hym an innocent
yet be accompted still.

Ia.

The life is lothsome that doth worke
hys shame who hath it chose.

Me.

The life whose choyse doth werke thy
thou ought againe to lose. (Shame

Ia.

Let reason rule thy eger mynde
so vert wyth crabbed ire
And for thy tender chyldzens ease
to be at rest requyre

Me.

I do desyre it, wholie I
detest it, I forswear,

That

That bretheren bred vnto my barnes
Creusas wombe shall beare.

Ia. It wyl be trym, when as a *Queene*
 of maiestie and myght
 Hath issue, kinn vnto the seede
 of the a banisht wyght.

Me. So cursed day shall neuer on
 my wretched children shyne
 To myngle base borne basterdes wyth
 the blood of noble lygne.
 Shal *Phœbus* stocke (that beares þe lamp
 of heauen in starrye throne)
 Be macht wth drudginge *Sisyphus*
 that roules in hell the stone?

Ia. What meanest þe wretch both the & me
 in banishment to yoke?

I pray the hence: *Me.* When humbly
 my mynd to *Creon* broke, (3

He gaue an eare vnto my sute,

Ia. What lyeth in my myght

To do for the? *Me.* If no good turne
 then do thy worst dyspyght.

Ia. On this side wth his swerd in hande
 Lynge *Creon* doth me scar:

On otherpart wyth armed host
 Acast doth me detarr.

Me. *Medea* eke to coape wyth these,
 that moze apaul vs maye:

E.i.

Go

MEDEA.

Goto, to skyp my the let vs fall
Let Iasen be the praye:

14. **E** yeld whom soze aduersyties
haue tyerd wyth heauye swaye.
Learne thou to dyed thy lucke the losse
that oft dothe thee assaye.

Me. **E** ueremoze haue rulde the swinge
of fortunes waneryng wyll.

14. **A**chastus is at hand and nygh
is Creon the to spyll:

Me. **T**ake þ thy heles to scape them both,
I do not the aduise,
That thou agaynst thy father in law
In traytrous armes should ryse.
For in Achast thy casens blood
thy woundyng handes to goze,
The bolues into Medea made,
do trouble the so soze.

Whyle yet þ hast not spylt there blood
yet, fly, with me a way.

14. **W**hen armies twain their banners of
Defiance shall dysplave,
And marchyng furthe in fylde to fyght
like battayle at my hande,
Who then for vs encounter shall
theyr puyssance to wythstand?

Me. **I**f Creon and Achastus kynge
encampe to gether shall,

Admit

Admit that these in one wyth them
 Should ioyne there powers all
 My Contreymen of *Cholchis* Ile,
 and *Aetas* lustye kynge,
 Suppose the *Scythians* ioyne wth *Greekes*,
 to ground I wyl them bynge,
 Cleane put to foile. *Ia*, The puissant
 of hawty mace I feare (power
 Take hede, lest more thou do affecte *Me*.
 the same, then for to cleare,
 Thy selfe of *Creons* seruile yoke,
 Least some suspicion grow. *Ia*.
 Of thys our ratynge long here let
 vs make an end and go.
 So Ioue hurle out thy flames and *Me*.
 thy thundring bolts to fly, (force
 With sicke drakes byght brandishing
 disparf in burnyng skye:
 Strayne furth thy dreadfull thretning
 dispose in due arraye (arme,
 The tossing dynt of lyghtnyng flashe,
 that wrecke our quarrell maye.
 With rumblynge cracke of rentynge
 cause all y^e world to quake, clowd
 And leuell not thy houerynge hande
 to stryke wyth fyrre flake
 Upon my pashy and crushed corpes,
 or *Iasons* carcass flayne:

M E D E A.

For whether of vs thou smyte to death
hys de w rewarde shall gayne,
thy thumps of thwacking boltes on vs
amisse they cannot lyghte.

14.

Cfie, let thy mynde on matters runne
that seme a modest wyghte.

And ble to haue moze cherfull talke,
if any thyng thou craue,

Wyth in my fathers house to ease
thy syght, thou shalt it haue.

Me.

Thou knowst my mind both can, & ke
is wonte, to do no lesse,

Then to contemne the byttell wealth
that Prynces do possesse.

This, this shalbe the onely boone
that at thy hande I craue,

As mates wyth me in banishmente,
my chyldren let me haue,

That resting on theyr syghing brestes
my carefull mournyng hed,

I may my chrystall tearpe streames
into theyr bosomes shed.

But as for thee, new gotten sonnes
of wyfe new wed do staye.

14.

I graunt that vnto thy requeste
I wyll I myght obeye:

But nature me wyth ppye pyckes,
that nedes I must denye.

for

For though both *Creon* and *Achast*,
 in tormentes force me lye,
 I could not yeild vnto theyr wylles:
 on thys my lyfe doth reste:
 In times of teares, thys is the loye
 of dull afflicted breste.
 For better far I can abyde
 the wante of vitall breath,
 And succour of my lymmes, or loose,
 the lyght of worlde by death.
 What lone vnto hys selfe babes
 is depely grafte in hym?
 This worketh well I haue him trypte
 lo nowe there lyeth by mynne.
 An open place to hearbie receaue
 a vennyne soone he maye.
 Let me or I departe, vnto
 my selfe chyldren saye.
 These lessons of my last adewe,
 and graunt to me the space,
 With tender grype of collyng laste
 theyrlouyng lymmes tembrace:
 This wilbe comforte to my harte:
 yet at the latter woorde
 I aske nomoze but onlye that
 you shuld me thys asoorde.
 If eger anguyth cause my tongue
 to cast out woordes vnkynde,

Me.

C.iii.

Let

M E D E A

Let althynge flye, let nothyng be
Engraued in your mynde
But let remembraunce otherwhyle
of me to touche your thought,
Let other thynges be wypte awaye
that byle of wrath hath wrought.

Ia. **I** haue forgotten euery whit
god graunt thou may of shake
These surging qualmes of frownced
A mylder mayest it make: (mynde
For quyetnes doth worke theyr ease
that dented are wyth woe:

Me. **W**hat is he sylpe slypt and gon?
falles out the matter so?
Iason doest thou sneake awaye,
not hannyng mynde of me,
Nor of those former great good turns
that I haue done for the?
Wyth the now am I cleane forgott:
but I wyll bryng about
That from thy carefull sighing minde
shall not be banysht out:
Apply to bryng thys to effect,
call home thy wyttes agayne,
And all thy wylie fetches farre,
eache artifycypall trapne.
Thys is the perfect fruyt that maye
to the of myschese sprynge,

To

To presuppose that myschese is
 not graft in anye thynge.
 Scante haue I oportunitie
 for my pretended guyle,
 Because we are mystrusted sore,
 But tye I wyll the whyle
 To set vpon them in such sort,
 as none can deme my slepyghte:
 Marche furth, now venture on, fall to,
 bothe what lyeth in thy myght,
 And also what doth passe thy power.
 O fayth full nurse and mate,
 Of all my heauye hart breakyng,
 and dyuers cursed fate,
 Come helpe our symple meane deuise.
 remaynyng yet I haue
 A robe of Pall the present that
 our heauenlye graundspere gaue,
 These monument of Cholchis Ile,
 whiche Phæbus did bestowe
 On Etas for a pledge, that hym
 hys father he myght knowe.
 A precyous fulgent gorget eake,
 that brauelye glytters byght,
 And wyth a seamlie thynnyng scame
 of golden thrydes is dyght,
 Through wrought betwene the row of
 do stand in borders round (pircles
 C.iiii. Therwith

M E D E A

Whether my golden crispen lockes
 is wonted to be crounde.
 My lytle chyldren they shall beare
 these presentes to the Wyde,
 That fyre wyth fybber flabbar softe
 of chauntmentes shalbe tryed.
 Request the ayde of Hecate
 in redynes prepare
 The lamentable sacryfyce,
 vpon the bloodye Aare.
 Enforce the fyers catchyng houlde
 vpon the rafter s hye
 With crackling nois of flame sparkes
 rebounde in aȝur skye.

¶ Chorus.

No fyres foier, nor rumblyng rage
 of boysteous blastyng wynde,
 No darte nor whyrling in the skyes,
 such terrour to the mynde
 Can dyue, as when the iustull wyfe
 dothe boyle in burnynge hate,
 Depryued of her spousall bed,
 and comfote of her mare,
 Nor where the storme southerne winde
 wyth dankysm dabbye face,
 Of hoere wynter sendeth out
 the gushyng snowes apace.
 Where bryghment Isters waumbling stream
 comes walterynge downe amayn,
 Forbydoyng both the bankes to mete,
 and cannot ofte contayne

Myne

hym selfe wreth'n hys channels scoupe,
 but further breakes hys waye,
 No; Rodanus whole rushing streame
 dothe launche into the sea,
 O; when amydd the floured spyng
 wyth hotter burnynge sonne,
 The wynters snowes disolued with heate
 downe to the ryuers tonne:
 The clotted toppe of Thacmus hill
 to water thynne dothe turne,
 Such desperate gogyn flame is waiche
 that inwardly doth burne,
 And modest rule regardeth not,
 no; bydels can abyde,
 No; bread'ng death, doth wys on dinte
 of naked blade to flyde.
 O Gods be gracious vnto vs,
 for pardon we do craue,
 That hym who tamde the scuffling waues,
 bouchsafe ye wolde to saue.
 But Neptune yet the Lorde of Seas
 wyth frowning face wyll lower,
 That ouer hys second scepter men
 to tryumphe haue the power.
 The boy that to mye durst attempt
 that great vnmoldye charge
 Of Phaebus euerlastynge carre,
 and rounyng out at large,
 Not bearyng in hys recklesse breste
 hys fathers warnynges wyle
 Was burned wyth the flames whych he
 dyd scatter in the skyes.
 None knew the collye glympyng glades,
 where stragglynge Phaeton rode,
 passe not the path, whzee people safe
 In former tyme haue rode.
 O sondlyng, wylfull, wanton bope,
 do not dissolue the frame
 Of heauen, syth Ioue with sacred hande
 hath halowed the same.

E. v.

Who

M E D E A.

Who rombe with balpante oares tonghes
 that were for Argos made,
 Hath powled naked Delion mounte
 of thicke compacted Maide.
 Who entered bathe the fleyrynge rockes
 and scorched out the toyle
 And eyrynge trauels of the seas,
 and bath on saluage soyle
 Knyt fast his stretched cablerope,
 and gonnes fourthe to lande.
 To cloyne awaye th; fosen golde
 with gredys snatchyng hande.
 Wnto the seas (because that he
 transgresseth th; lawes deuynne)
 By thys vnluckye ende of his
 he payes his forlpyre fyne.
 The troubled seas of cress; burrest;
 for vengeance howle and wepe.
 By Typhis who dyd conquer sylla
 the daunger of the deepe;
 Hath yeilded by the conynge rule
 of his bawldye skene,
 To such a guyde, as for that yle
 hath nedes yet to lerne.
 who guyng by his gobste aloofe
 from at his natyue lande,
 In foreyn mole lyes buried byle
 with durtye soddes in lande.
 He lyes amonge the fleytrynge soules
 that straungers to hym weare.
 And Aulis Ille that in her mynde
 her masters losse dothe beare,
 Helde in the Moppes, to stand and wayle
 in creakyng narrow nooke:
 That Oipheus Calliops sonne
 who sayd: the runnyng blooke,
 whyle he recorder on heaunly harpe
 with twanchlyng synger syne,
 The wynde lay downe his pyping blasteth
 his harmonye diuine

W. I. 1000

Wounded the woods to flye thaim selues,
 and trees in craynes along e
 Cam furth, with byrds that held their lates
 and lyked to hys songe.
 Wpth lymg on sunder rent in feelde
 of Thrac he lyeth ded.
 Wp to the top of Heber flood
 the halid was hys hed.
 Gone downe he is to Sygstan dampes,
 whych scene he had before,
 And Tartar boylng pyetes, from whence
 returne he shall no more.
 Alcides hangyng bat byd bynge
 the Noetherne ladde to grounde.
 To Achelo of sundry shapen
 he gaue hys mortall wounde.
 Yet after he could purchase peace
 both vnto sea and lande.
 And after Diris dungeon black
 rent open by hys hand,
 He luyng spied hym selfe alonge
 on burnyng Otag hyl:
 Hys members in hys proper flame
 the wretche dyd thrust to spyll:
 Hys blood he blewd with Nestors blood,
 and lost hys lorthome lyfe
 By traytous gyfte that poysoned myste
 erreaued of hys wyle.
 Wpth rushe of byrdded geopyng boze
 Ancrus lymg were tope.
 O Melager (wyched wght)
 to graue by thee were bozne
 Thy mothers brethren twayne, and she,
 for it wth cruel full hande
 Hath wrought thy dolefull destinye
 to burne thy fatal hande.
 The rash attemptyng Argonautes
 deserued all the deach
 That hyles whom Alcides losse
 beeft of sad yug by a by.

That

M E D E A.

That springall whych in lowlyng maner
 of waters drowned was:
 So now ye lustye bloods, the seas:
 with doubtfull lot to passe.
 Though Idmon had the calking skyll
 of dekenyes befoze,
 The Serpent made hym leue hys lyfe
 in tombe of Liby mooze.
 And Mopsus that to other men
 could well theyr fates clespe,
 Yet onely byd decyue hym selfe
 uncertayne wheare to dye,
 And he that could the secret hap
 of thynges to come unfoulde,
 Yet dyed not in hys cuntry Thebes.
 Dame Thetis husband ouldo
 Byd wander lyke an outlawde man.
 Our Palimedes lyfe
 Byd hedlonge wholme hym selfe in seas,
 who at the Grekes cetye
 From Troy, to rushe on rocks did them
 alure wryth wryte lyght.
 Broute Dias Oileus byd sustayne
 the dynt of thunder byghte,
 And cruell Royme of surgyng seas,
 to quite the hapnys gylet,
 That by hys cuntry was commit,
 in seas he lyeth spylt.
 Gleeke to redeme her hul:
 bandes wherens lyfe from death.
 The godlyr wyle bypon her spouse
 bestowed her panyng breath.
 Moude Delias that wretche hym selfe
 who had them fyfte assaye
 The golden fleece that bovebane
 by myp to ferche awaye,
 Werboide in glowyng cauldron hote
 wryth feruent heate he feyes,
 And fleyng peccemele by and downe
 in water thyn he lyes.

Ynough

ynough, ynowe, reuenged are
 o Goddes the wrongs of seas,
 He goot to Iulon, doing that
 he dyd, bys came to please.

¶ The fourth Acte.

Natrix.

Myp̃ thp̃uerynge minde amazed is,
 agaste, and soze dysmayde:
 My chyllysh lyms with quakyng colde
 doe tremble all afrayde.
 Such plagues & vengeance is at hande
 in what excedyng wyse
 Do sharpe assaults of gredye greife
 styll more and more aryse,
 And of it selfe in smotheryng brest
 enkyndles greater heate?
 Ofte haue I seene how rampyng rage
 hath forced her to create.
 Wyth frantickspys, mad, beblem wise
 agaynst the Gods to rayle,
 And she bewytched ghostes of heauen
 in plungyng plagues to trayle:
 Put now Medea beates her bry-
 sie bzaine to bynge to passe
 A myscheyfe greater, greater far,
 then euer any was.

Cremyle

M E D E A

Ere wyle when hence she trypt away
 astonysed so soze;
 And of her popson closet close
 she entred had the doze:
 She powzeth out her iewels all,
 abrode to lyght she bzynge
 That which she dreaddyng lothed long,
 moſte irkſome vglye thynges:
 She mumblыng confutes by by names
 of illes the rable rowte,
 In hugger mugger colched longe,
 kept close, vnſerched oute:
 All peſtilent plagues ſhe calles vppon,
 what euer Libie lande,
 In frothy boylыng ſtream both woꝝke,
 or muddye belchyng ſande:
 What terыng toꝝments TANNIS bzedes,
 wyth ſnowes vnthawed ſtyll
 Where winter flawes, and hoꝝy froſte
 knyt harde the craggy hyl,
 She layes her croſsye handes vpon
 eache monſtrous confurd thyng,
 And ouer it her magicke beſe
 wyth charmyng dothe ſhe ſynge:
 A moꝝſe, roꝝſe, ruſtye route
 wyth cancred ſcales yclad
 From muſtye, fuſtie, duſtye dens
 where lurked longe they had,
Do crable:

Do craull: a walowing sarpent honge
hys combzous corps out draggs,
In fierpesomyng blarpyng mouthe
his forked tongue he wagges.

He stares about wpth sparklyng eyes,
if som he myght espye,

Whom snapping at with stinging spyt
he myght constrayne to dye:

But hearpyng once the magycke uerse
he hushet as all a gast,

Hys bodie boalne byg, wrapt in lumps
en twynpyng knotes he cast.

And wamblynge to and fro his taylor
in lynkes he rowles it round.

Not sharp enough (quoth she) y plagges
and tooles that holow grownd

Engenders for my purpose ar,
to heauen byp wyll I call,

To reache me stronger popson down,
to frame my feat wpth all.

Now is it at the verpe poynt,
Medea thou assaye.

To bypge about som farther fetchy,
then common wyches maye.

Let down, let down, that spawlyng
that doth his bodye spred, (snake

As doth a runnyng broke abrode
his myghtye chanell shed.

Whose

MEDEA

Whose swelling knobs of wondrous
 & boyseus bobbing bumpes (sise
 Doth thumpe the great & lesser bear
 that fele his heauye lumpes.

The bygger bear with golden glede
 the greekishe fleet doth guyde:

But by the lesse the *Sidon* shypps
 their passage haue espied.

He that wyth pinche of griping fyfte
 doth bruse the adders twayne,

His strenyng harde & claspynge hande,
 let him vnknitt agayne.

And crashe thair squealed venom out,
 com further thou our charme

O flymie serpent *Python*, whom
 dame *Iuno* sent to harme

Diana and *Apollo* both,

(those heauenly sprytes twayne)

With whom *Latona* trauelynge
 did grone wyth pynchyng payne.

O *Hydra* whom in *Lerna* poole

Alcides gaue the foyle,

And all the noysom bermen byle
 that *Hercules* did spoyle.

Which when on sunder they were cutt
 wyth dysyng deadlye knyfe,

Can knyt agayne ther sodzed partes,
 and so reconer lyfe.

Helpe

Helpe wakefull Dragon *Argos*, whom
 firſte magicke words of myne
 made *Morphews* locke thy ſleepe liodes
 and ſhut thy ſurgynge even.

Then hauynge brought aboue the groun
 of ſerpentes all the rowte,

Of ſpithy webes the ranckeſt bane
 the pyckes. and gathers out,

That ſpyng on knottye *Eryx* hyl
 wher paſſage none is founde,

Among the ragged rockes, or what
 on *Caucasus* his ground

Doth growe that ſpall is clad in cote
 of hoꝝe moꝝe froſte.

That euermoze bnmelt abydes,
 whose ſpattred ſplde is ſoſte

With gubbs of blood, y ſpawteth from
Promethews gapynge maw,

Whose gutts with twiſching talēt out
 the gaſtlye gꝝppe doth draue.

Or anye other venomous herbe
 amonge the *Medes* that growes,

that with their ſheafe of arrowes ſharp
 in ſplde do ſcar theyꝝ foes.

Or what the lyght held *Parthian*
 to ſerne her turne can ſende,

Or els the ryche *Arabians*,
 that dꝝp theyꝝ arrowes end

M E D E A

In poyson stronge : the ioyce of all
Medea out doth wzyng,
That vnderneath the frozen poale
In *Swetia* land doth spyng.
Whose noble state *Hircinus* wood
dothe highe enhaunce and reare.
O what the pleasaunte soyle doth yeld
in pythe of smiling bere,
When nature byddes the byrd begin
her shrowdyng nest to buyde,
O when the churlythe *Boreas* blast
sha:pe winter hath exild,
The crym aray of branche and bough
to cloth the naked tree,
And euerye thyng wyth bytter could
of snowe consealed be.
In any pestylent flower on stalke
of anye herbe doth grow,
O noysome ioyce doth ly in rot-
ten wythen rotes alowe,
Hath anye force in breadyng bane,
those takes she in her hande.
Sum plague herbes dyd *Athos* yeald
that mount of *Theffayle* land.
And other *Pindus* roches bye
and sum vppon the top
Of *Pingus*, but tender cloyggs
the cruell sythe dyd lopp:

The sa

The *Tigris* ryuer noȝt by,
 that chokes his whȝelpoale depe
 With stronger streame. *Danubius* those
 in foſtryng waue byd kepe.
 Those byd *Hidasps* myniſter,
 who by the parchyng ſtone
 With lake warme ſiluer chanel runes,
 ſo ryche wyth pꝛecyous ſtone.
 And *Bethis* ſonne, whogaue the name
 vnto his contrey great,
 And with his ſhallowe ſourd agaynſt
 the *Spanyſhe* ſeas doth beat
 This herbe abode the edge of knyfe
 in danwrynge of the daye
 & *Phabus* face gan pepe, bedecte
 wyth glyttryng goulden ſpraye
 His ſlender ſtalke was ſnepped of
 in depe of ſylent nyght,
 Hys corne was cropt, whyle ſhe wyth
 her poiſned nailes did dight. (charm
 She chops the dedlie herbes, & wzyngs
 the ſqueſed clotted blood
 Of ſerpentes out: & ſplthye byꝛds
 of irkſom mirye mud:
 She tempers wyth the ſame and eake:
 She brayes the harte of owle
 Foꝛ ſhewing death with glaryng eyes
 and moappng viſage foule

f.ii.

Of

M E D E A.

Of thynke oule hoarce alpine she takes
the durtye styngyng guttes,
Al thes the framer of this seate
in druers perrels puttes.
This hath in it deuouryng force
of grede (spoylyng) flame,
The frozen eyse dallyng coulde
engenders by the same.
She chantes on those y magicke vers,
that workes no lesser harme,
With bustling fraticellie the stamper,
and ceaseth not to charme.

M E D E A.

○ Flittering flocks of gristle gottes
that syt in splent seat
D ouglam buggs o gobblins
of hell I you intreat: (grym
D lowyng Chaos dungeon blnd,
and dredfull darkned pytt,
Wher Ditis muffled by in clowdes
of blackest shades doth sytt,
D wretched wofull walyng soules
your ayed I do imploze,
That linked lie with ginglyng chaines
on waylyng Limbo thore,
D moose

I moſte den where deth doth touche
 his gaſſly carrayn face:
Reſeas your panges o ſpyghes, & to
 this wedding bye apace.
Cauſe ye the ſnagge whele to pawls
 that rentes the carkas bound,
Permit *Ixions* racked lymmes
 to reſt vpon the ground:
Let hungry bitten *Tantalus*
 wyth gawnt and pyned panche
 ſoupe by *Pirenes* gulped ſtreame
 his ſwellyng chyſt to ſtawche.
Let burnyng *Creon* hyde the brunt
 and gyrdes of greater payne,
Let payſe of ſlypperye ſlydyng ſtone
 tye ouer backe agayne
His moylunge father *Sisyphus*,
 amonges the cragge rockes.
The daughters dyre of *Danaus*
 whom perced pychers mozkas.
So oft wyth labour loſt in vayne
 this day both long for you
That in your lyfe wyth bloodye blade
 at once your husband ſlewe.
And thou whoſe aares I honored haue
 o torche and lampe of nyght,
Approche o ladye myne wyth moſt
 deformed byſage dyght:

M E D E A

O thre folde shapen dame that knist
 more threatnyng browes then an,
 Accordyng to the contrary guyle
 wyth daglyng lockes bndon
 And naked fote, the secrete groue
 about A halowed haue,
 From duskye dype bnmoyste cloudes
 the showers of rayne I craue.
 Through me y chynked gapyng ground
 the soaked seas hath drunk,
 And mayner streame of thocian flood
 beneth the erthe is sunke,
 that swelseth out throug hollow gulph
 with stronger gushyng rage.
 Thi were his suddi wamblyng waues
 whose power it doth assuage
 the heauens w wrong disturbed course
 and out of order quyte,
 The darkned sonne, & glimering stars
 at once hath shewed theyr lyght,
 and drenched Charles his stragling waine
 hath ducte in dasthyng wane,
 The framed cours of roamyng time
 racte out of frame I haue.
 So my enchaſements haue it wrought
 that when the rampyng sonne
 In somer bakes the parched soyle
 then hath the twygges begonne,
Wyth

With sprouting blossom fresh to blome,
 and hasty wynter cozne
 Hath out of haruest sene the fruyte
 to barnes on suddeyn bozne.
 Into a shallowe soorde hys sturs
 dystreame hath Phasis wast
 And Isters channell beyng in
 so manye bzaunches cast,
 Abated hath hys wackfull wanes,
 on euerpe silent shore
 He lyeth calme: The rumbled flooddes
 wyth thundryng noyse dyd roze,
 When touched close the wyndes were
 not mouing pippinge softe,
 With workinge wawe the prauncynge
 haue swolne & leapt aloft, (seas
 Wheras the wood in alder tyme
 wyth thicke and bzaunched bowe
 dyd spred hys shade on gladsome soyle:
 no shade remayneth nowe.
 I rollynge vp the magicke verse
 at noone tyme Phabus stape,
 Amyd the darkened skye, when fled
 was lycht of browne dape:
 Eke at my charme the watry flockes
 of Heyads went to glade.
 Tyme is it Phaba to respecte
 the serpes to thee made:

M E D E A

To thee with cruell blooddye handes
 thes garlandes grene were twind
 Whych with hys foldyng circles nine
 the serpent rowgh dyd bynd.
 Haue here *Tiphoides* flethe, that dothe
 In *Etnas* furnace grone,
 That shoke with batterye vyolent
 kynge *Ioues* assailed trone.
 This is the *Centaurus* poysoned blood
 whiche *Nessus* byltaune byle
 Who made a rape of *Dianire*
 entendynge her to sple;
 Bequethed her when newlye woude
 he gaspyng lay for bresth,
 While *Hercles* shaft stak in his ribbs,
 whose lannce did worke his death;
 Beholde the funerall cinders hear
 whiche by the poyson dyed
 Of *Hercules* who in hys fyre
 on *Oeta* mountayne dyed:
 Lo here the fatall brande, which late
 the fatall systers thre
 Conspyred at *Melagers* byrthe,
 such shulde bys destinye be,
 To saue a yue hys bresthyng carpes,
 while that myght hole remayne,
 Whiche safe hys mother *Mede* kept,
 tyll he his vnckles swayne.

That

(That from *Atlanta* wolde haue had
 the head of Conquered Boie,)
 Had rest of lye whose spytfull death
Althea toke so soze,
 That both she shewed her seruientnes
 in sisters godlye lous,
 When to reuenge her brothers death
 mere nature dyd her moue,
 But yet as mother most vnkynde
 of nature moste vnmilde,
 To hasten the butymely graue
 of her beloued chyldre,
 Whyle welcages satall brande
 she wasted in the flame,
 Whose swelting guts & bowels moult
 consumed as the same,
 These p'umes the *Harpyes* raueninge
 for hast did leue behind, (for toles
 In hidde hole whose cloase accesse
 no mortall wight can fynd.
 When fast from *Zethes* chasyng them
 wth speede flyght they fled.
 But vnto these the fethers whyche
 the *Stymphall* byrde dyd shed,
 Whom duskyng *Phæbus* dymined lyght
 sp2 *Hercules* dyd synge,
 And galled wth the sharte, that he
 in *Hydraes* hyde dyd synge.

f. v.

pon

M E D E A.

Thou Aares haue yeld a clatterpng noyse
 I knowe, I knowe of olde,
 How vnto me my Oracles
 are wonted to be tolde, (Shake
 That when the tremblpng floure doth
 then hath my Goddess greate,
 Touchsafe :o graunt me my requeste
 as I dyd her intreate.
 I see *Dianas* waggyng swyfe,
 not that wheron she glydes
 When all the nyght in darkened skye
 wyth face full ope she rydes:
 with countenaunce bryght & blandispyng
 but when with heauie cheare,
 With daskie shimering wannie globe,
 her lampe doth pale appeare.
 Or when she trots aboute the heauens
 wyth horsehead rayned strait,
 When *Thessyle* wytcches to the chreates
 of charmpnge her doe bayte.
 So wyth thy damppe & dulled blase,
 thy clowde faynting lyghte,
 Sende out, amyd the lowpnyng skye,
 the harte of people smyte
 wyth agonyes of suddaine dread,
 in strange and fearefull wyse,
 Compell the precpous brasen pannes
 with larryng noyse to ryle
Through

Throught *Corinth* contrye enerye wher,
 to shyld the from this harme,
 lest hedlong drawne thou be frō heauen
 to earth by force of charme.
 An holpe-solempne sacryfycce
 to worship the we make,
 Imbzwed with a blooddye turphe
 the kindled torche doth take
 Thy sacred burning night fyre at
 the dampishe moyle grane.
 Soze charged with thy crowbled ghost
 my hed I shaken haue,
 And duckyng downe my necke alowe
 with shyppyng lowde haue shyght,
 And groueling flat on fleoze in traunce
 haue lpen in deadmans plight.
 My tuffled lockes about myne eares
 downe daglyng haue ben bownde
 Tuckt by about my temples twayne
 wpth gladsome garland crownd:
 A detye branche is offred the
 from fylthy *Rhis* flood.
 As is the guise of *Bacchus* prestes
 the *Coribantes* wood,
 With naked brest and dugges layd out
 Ile prycke with sacred blade
 Myne arme, that for the bubling blood
 an issue maye be made,

With

M E D E A.

With trilling streams my purple blood
let droppe on Thalter stones:
My tender chylozens crushed flesh
and broken broosd bones
Lerne how to brooke wth hardened hartes
in practyse put the trade
To flozynth scarce, and kepe a coyle,
wth naked glyttrynge blade:
I spzyncked holpe water haue,
the launce once being made,
If tryed thou complaynest that
my cryes thee overlade,
Gyue pardon to my earnest sute,
o Perceus syster deare,
Styll I ason is the onely cause
that bygeth me to reare
wth squeking voice thy noisome beames,
that sponge lyke shot of bowe,
So season thou those sawced robes
to worke Crensas woe,
Wherwth when she shal pranke her selfe
the popson by and by
To rotte her in warde marpe oute,
wthin her bones map fry.
The secret spyr bleares their eyes
wth glosse of pealow golde,
The whych Prometheus gaue to me
that spyr splycher bolde,

On

In whom for robbery that he dyd
 in heauens aboue commyt,
 Wyth massy payle great *Caucasus*
 thanwelde byll doth syt,
 Where vnder wyth vnwasted wombe
 helpes, and payes his paine,
 To feede the crāpyng soule to gubbes
 of guttes that growes agayne.
 He taught me wyth a pretye slepygh
 of connyng, how to hyde
 The strengthe of sper close kept in,
 that may not be espyed,
 Thys lyuely rinder *Mulciber*
 hath forged for my sake,
 That tempred is wyth byrmiston quick
 at fyrste touche and take.
 Oke of my cosen *Phaeton*
 a wyldeser flake I haue
 Hys flames the monstrous *Stagharde*
Chimera to me gaue, (rough
 In head and breste a Lyon grymme,
 and from the rump behynde
 He sweepes the flower to laggyng taile
 of Serpent force by kynde.
 In rybbes & loynes along his paunche
 yshaped lyke a Gote.
 these fumes that out the bull perbzakts
 from fyrre spewing throte,

M E D E A

I gotten hane and brayd it wyth
Medusas bytter gall
Comaundynge it in secret sorte
to duske and couer all:
Breath on these venoms *Hecate*
wyth beadly myght inspyze,
Preserue the touchyng poulder of
my secret conuert syze,
O graunt that these my cloked craftes
so may bewytch theyr eyes,
That lykelyhood of treason none
that may herein surmyse:
So worke that they in handlynge it
may fele no kynde of heate:
Her strewing brest, her sethyng balnes,
let feruent fyre create
And force her rosted pynnyng lymmes,
to droppe and melte awaye,
Let smoke her rotten broyllynge bones:
enflame thys byrde to daye
To caste a lyght wyth greater glede
on fryseled blaspyng heare
Then is the shynnyng flame that dothe
the weddyng torches beare.
My sute is harde, thysle *Hecate*
a dreadfull barkynge gaue
From dolefull clowde a sacred flath
of flame sparkes she draue.
Eache

Eachē poplons pryde falsylled is:
 Call furthe my chyldren deare,
 By whom vnto the cursed Wyde
 these presentes you may beare:
 Goe furthe, goe furthe my lytle babes,
 your mothers cursed fruite,
 Goe, goe, employ your paines to byrde
 and earnest humble sute
 To purchase grace, and eke to earne
 you fauour in her syght.
 That both a mother is to you,
 and rules wth Ladyes myght.
 Go on, applye your charge apace
 and hve you home agayne,
 That wth embzacyng you I maye
 my last farewell attayne.

¶ Chorus.

What maepe assautes of cruell Cupydes flame
 Wth gyddie hede thus tosseth to and froe,
 Thys bedlem wyght, and dyuelish defaet dame
 what ronyng rage her pyches to worke thys woe?
 Rought rancours hyle conceales her frozen face,
 Her hawte breste humbasted is wth pryde,
 She shakes her head, she stalkes wth statelye pace,
 She threates our kyng more then doth her beryde,
 who wolde her deme to be a banysht wyght,
 whose sharet cheekes do glowe wth rosyc red?
 In fayntyng face wth pale and wannye whyghte
 The languysse how cryed thence is fled.

Her

M E D E A

Her chaungynge lokes no coloure longer can holde,
 Her chifferynge fete shylle traualle to and froe.
 Euen as the farrre and tawnyng Toger old,
 That doth bntwate bys suckynge wheles forgoe,
 Dorth rampe, and rage, most eger faier and mood,
 Amonge the mubbes and bulmes that do arowe
 On Banges stonde that goldenlanded flood,
 whole syluer streame through India dorth flowe.
 Euen so Medea somerme wantes her wyttis
 To rule the rage of her vnbeydelde ire,
 Now Venus sonne, wyth bulse froward byes,
 Now warth and loue, enhyndle both the fyre.
 what shall we do? when wyll thys heynous wyght
 wyth feywarde fore be packynge hence awaye,
 From Grece? to sale our realme of terrible quyghe,
 And prynces remaine whom we so sore dorth feyre:
 Now wharbus lot ge thy Charpor in the wylde,
 Let nether raines nor bydle shaye thy race,
 Let grouching lyght wyth dulcete nyght oppresse
 In clokyng cloudes wrapte by thys mustled face,
 Let thysperus the laodelman of the nyght,
 In wylsterne flood drench the depe tye daye so byght.

[The .v. Acte.]

Nuntius. Chorus. Nutrix. Medea. Iason.

Nun. **A**ll thynges are topsy turvy turnd,
 and wasted cleane to nought
 To passynge great calamitye
 our kyngdome state is brought
 The syer and daughter burnte to duste
 in blendred cynders lye.
 Ch. what train hath the entrapt? N^o such
 are made for kyngs to dye, (as
False

False traittrusse gifts. *Cho.* What princy
could wapped be in those? (guile

And I do meruaple at thys thynge *Nun.*
and skante I can suppose
that such a mischeife might be wrought
by any such deuyce

Reporre how thys destruction *Cho.*
and ruine should aryse

The spyzyng flame most egerlye *Nun.*
dath scour wpyth sweppynge swaye

Each corner of the prynces court,
as though it should obaye

Commaunded therunto so flat
on flowre the pallyce falles:

We are in dread least further it
wpyll take the towncyth walles.

Cast quenchyng water on it then *Cho.*
to stak the gredey flame.

And thys that semeth very straunge *Nun.*
doe happen in the same,

The water fedes the spyr fatte,
the moze that we do toyle

It to suppreffe, wpyth hotter rage
the beate begyns to boyle:

Those thinges that we haue gotten for
our helpe it dothe enioye.

Medea thou that doest so soze *Nut.*
kyng Pelops lande anoye,

G.

Troynes

M E D E A .

Twine hence in hast thy forward foot,
at all assayes depart
To anye other kynde of coast.

Me.

Can I fynd in my hart
To shun this land? if hence I had
fyrst falne awaye by flyght,
I would haue traueled back agayne,
to gaze at suche a flyght.

To stand and se this weddinge new
why stayest thou dotynge mynd?
Apply, applye, thy soze attempt,
that good successe doth fynd.

What great exployt is this, that thou
of vengeance dost enjoy?

Styll art thou blynded witleffe wench
with bale of *Venus* boy?

Is this suffisaunce for thy grefe?
is roote of rancour ded,

If I ason lead a syngle life
in solytary bed?

Som netling, thornie, stinging plagis
vnpactysed deuyse:

Prepare thy selfe in redynes
and fal to on this wyse:

Let all be fythe that commes to net,
haue no respect of ryght,

From mynde on myschefe fixed fast
let shame be banysht quyt:

The

The vengeance they receaued at
 my lytle chyldrens hande,
 Is nothyng worth: in earnest ire
 ententyue must thou stand.
 When heat of wrath beginnes to coole
 cheare vp thy selfe agayn;
 Rayle vp those touches old that won-
 ted were in the to raygne,
 That burped depe in brest do lye:
 and as for all the same
 That yet is wrought. of godlynesse
 let it vsurpe the name:
 Do this. & I shall teache them learne,
 what tryflynge cast it was,
 And common practised symflant tryck
 that erst I brought to passe.
 By thys my ragynge maladye
 a preamble hath made, (mes
 To shew what howgier heapes of hat-
 shall shoute them invade
 What durst my rude vnskillfull hand
 assaye that was of wayght?
 What could the mallice of a gyfte
 inuent her foes to bayte?
 Styll conuersant with wicked feates
 Medea am I made.
 My blunt and bulled braynes hath so-
 ben beat about this trade:

M E D E A.

O so I toy, I toy, that I smot of
my brothers hed,
And asht his members of: eak that
from parents hand I fled:
And filched hane the priuy fleece
lo *Mars* that sacred was.
It glads my hart that I to bring
ould *Pelias* death to passe.
Hane set his donggters all on worke,
O grieve picke out awaye
Not any guilt thou shalt with vn-
acquainted hand assaie
Against whom wzath entendedst thou
to bend thyne Ire full might?
Oz with what weapon dost thou mean
thy traisterous foes to smite?
I know not what my wzathfull minde
consulted hath within
And to betwzale it to him selfe,
I dare not yet begin.
O rash and vnadvised soole,
I make to hastie speede:
O that my foe had gotten of
his harlots bodie seede:
But what so euer thou by him
enioyest, suppose the same
To be *Crensas* babes of them
let her enioy the name.

This

This vengeance this doth lyke me wel
good reason is their why

The last attempt of pls, thou must
with stomacke stout applie.

Alas ye lytell selie fooles
that erst my children were,

The plaging price of fathers fault
submyt your selues to beare

O, horrour huge with sodayne stroke
my hart doth ouercom :

With ylie dallynge colde conieals
my members all benum.

My shivering lims appauled sore
for gastly feare do quake,

And banisht rage of malice hot
begins it selfe to flake:

The hatefull hart of wisse against
her Spouse hath yelded place,

And pitious mothers mercy mild
restoereth natures face.

O shall I shed their guiltlesse blood?
shall I the frame vnscould

Of that, whiche louing natures hande
hath wrought in me her mould?

O dotyng fury chaunge thy minde,
conceiue a better thought,

Let not this haynous sauage dede
by meanes of me be wrought.

MED EA

What cryme haue they (poore fooles)
for which they shuld aby? (comit
Upon theyr father Jason ryght
all blott of blame shuld lye.

Medea yet theyr mother I
am worsler far then he
Tush let them frankly go to wacke,
no kith nor kyn to me
They ar: dispatche them out of hand
hould, hould: my babes they be
God wot most harmelesse lambes they
no cryme nor fault haue they (ar,
Alas they be mere innocentes
I do not this denaye:

So was my brother whom I slew:
o false reuolting mynd

Why doest thou staggryng to and fro
suche chaunge of fancies fynde?

Why is my face besprent with teares
what makes me falter so,

That wrath & loue with stryuing thong
do lead me to and fro? (htes

Such fighting fancies bickeryng for
my swaruyng mynd betwixt, (mes

As when betwene y wresling windes
is raysed wrynglyng war,

Ecce where the tumblyng wallowinge
ar hoist and reared hye (waues,
Amyd

Amyd the iustlyng swolues of seas
 that whot in turpe fryer:
 Euen so my hart wth strugling thoughts
 now synkes, now swells amayn,
 Wrath somtyme chaseth vertue out
 and vertue wrath agayne.
 O yeld the yeld, a gryslyng grefe,
 to vertue yeld thy place:
 Thou onely comfort of our stocke
 in this afflicted case,
 Come hether com dere loued inipe
 wth collpng me imb^race,
 Whyle that by me your mother dere
 swete Boyes ye are enioyed
 So longe god graunt your father may
 you kepe from harme vncloyd
 Exile and flight appzoche on me.
 And they shall by and by
 Be puld perforce out of myne armes,
 wth vapour d weping eye
 Soze languishing wth moozning hart
 yet let them go to graue
 Befoze their fathers face as they
 befoze their mothers haue:
 Now rancorus grefe wth firy fits
 begins to boyle agayne,
 The quenched coles of dedly hate
 do fresher force attayne.

G.iii.

The

M E D E A

The rustye rancour harbzed longe
within my cancred brest
Startes vp, and stirres my hand ane
in myscheise to be prest,
O that the rablement of brattes
whych swarmed aboute the syde
Of Niobe that scoznesfull dame
who perished by her pydes
Had taken lyfe out of hys lymmes.
O that the fates of heauen
A fruytesfull mother had me made
of chylozen senen and senen.
My barreyne wombe for my reuenge
hath yeilded lytle stoz:
Yet for my sire and brother, swayne
I haue, theyr nedes no moze:
who seke this rufflyng rowt of feedes
wyth gargell bylage dyght;
Wher wil they deale their stripes, or
wyth whypes of fyer smite? (whom
Or whom wyth cruell scorching brand
and stygian faggot fell,
wyth mischaise great to cloy, entendes
this armye black of hell?
A choppynge Adder gan to bisse
wyth wretchynges wapped round,
As soone as dyd the lastyng whype
sterte out wyth yerkyng sound.

Whom

Whom bumping with thy rapping post
Megera wilt thou crush?

Whose ghost doth here mishapt frō hell
with scattered members rush?

My flattered brothers ghost it is
that vengeance coms to crane:

Accoꝝdyng to his dire request
one vengeance shall he haue.

But flap thou earce the fierbrandes
full dashed in myne eyes,

Dig, rent, scrape, burne, & squeak: the
loe ope my brest it lies, (out

To fightyng furies bobbyng strokes
O brother, brother bid

These royles, y pzease to woꝝrey mee,
them selues away to rid.

Down to the silent soules alowe
Not takyng any care:

Let me be left heare by my selfe
alone, and do not spare,

To baſt, and capperclaw these armes
that dꝛewe the bloby blade:

To quenche the furies of thy spꝛite,
that thus do me invade,

With this right hand the sacrifice
on thalter ſhalbe made.

What meanes this sudden tramplꝝng
a bande of men in Armes (noyse?

G. b.

Come

M E D E A.

Come bustling towarde vs, that me
wyl cloy wth deadly harmes.
To ende thys slaughter let vpon
I wyl my selfe conuaye
Up to the garrets of our house,
come Hurte wth me awayne,
Bestowe thy body hence wth me
from danger of our foes.

Now thus my mynde on myscheise let
thou must thy selfe dispose,
Let not the flyckeryng fame & prayse
in darkenesse be erilde
Of stomack stoute, that you dyd vse
in murtherynge of thy chylde.
Proclayme in peoples eares the prayse
of cruell blodde hande.

14. **I**f any saythfull man here be,
whom ruyne of hys lande,
And slaughter of hys pryncesse do cause
in penyue harte to bleede,
Step furth that ye may take the wretch
that wrought thys deadly dede.
Heare, heare, ye tolpe champpons
lay lode wth weapons beare,
Haue now, hoyt by this house, fro low
foundacyon by it reare.

Me. Now, now my scepter gullt I haue
reconuered once agayne:

My fathers wronges reuenged are,
and eke my brother slayne:
The gouldens cattels Fleece returnd
is to my natyue lande,
Possession of my realme I haue
reclaymed to my hande:
Come home is my virginittie,
that whilom went astraye.
O Gods as good as I could wysh,
o ioyfull wedding daye,
Go shrowde thy selfe in darkenesse dim
dyspacht I haue thys feate:
Yet vengeance is not done enough,
to coole our thyrstye heate.
O soule why dost thou make delaye?
why dost thou doubtyng stande?
Go forward with it yet thou mayst,
whyle doynge is thy hande:
The lozath that might should mynistre
doth qualesye hys flame:
The pyckes of sorow twitch my harte
attaynt wyth blusshyng shame:
Through rygour of thy haynous goze
o weatche what hast thou done?
Though I repent a captyse byle
I am, to slea my sonne:
Alas I haue committed it,
impozunate delyght,

Styll

M E D E A.

Styll egged on my froward mynde
that dyd agaynst it fyght;
And loe the bayne coniecte of thys
delyght increaseth styll,
Thys onely is the thyng, that wantes
vnto my wycked wyll,
That Iasons eyes should see this fyght
as yet I do suppose
Nothyng it is that I haue done,
my trauell all I lose,
That I employde in dyrry deedes,
vnlesse he see the same.

14. **¶** Loe heare she loketh out, and leanes
vpon the houses frame,
That pitchlong hanges w falling sway:
heare heape your spers fast,
Wherby the flames that she her selfe
enkyndled, may her wast.

15. **¶** Go Iason, go the obit ryghtes
the wyndynge sheete and graue
make redye for thy sonne, as last
behoueth hym to haue,
Thy spouse and eke thy father in lawe
that are entomde by me
Receyued haue the duties that
to ded mens ghostes agree.
Thys chyld hath felte the dedly stroke
and launce of fatall knyfe,

And

And thus with walsome murder like
Shall lose her tender lyfe.

By all the sacred ghostes of heauen, 14.
and by thy ofte exile,

And sponfull bed, w^{ch} breache of loue
in me dyd not defyle,

Now spare, and save the lyfe of hym
my chyldre and also thyn:

What euer cryme committed is,
I graunt it to be myne:

Make me a blodie sacrifice
to dew deserved death,

Take from my synful guiltie bed
the vse of vitall breath.

Paye sith thou wylt not haue it so 71e.
as greenes thy pynched minde,

Here way to wreack my vengeaunce sell
my burninge blade shall finde.

Auaunt, now hence thou pesant proud
employ thy busye payne,

To reape the fruites of virgins bed,
and cast them of agayne

whē mothers they are made. 14. Let on
for dew reuenge suffice.

If gredye thysse of hungry handes
that still for vengeaunce cryes,

Myght quenched be with blood of one
then aske I none at all,

And

M E D E A

And yet to stanch my hungry greefe
the number is too small,

If onely wayne I see, if pledge
of love I see secret made,

My bowels I will unbaste and searche
my wombe with pokynge blade.

14. How synfully out thy deadly deede,
that enterprysed is,

No more entreatance will I use,
yet onely graunt me this,

Delaye a while bys dolefull death,
that I may take my flyght.

Least that myne eyes to bledynge harte
should be to that heauye syght.

Me. Yet longer eger anguysh yet
to see this chyld of thine.

Konne not to rash with hastye speede
this dolefull day is myne:

The tyme that we obteyned haue
of Creon, we enioye.

14. O vile malycious mynded to cache
my lothsome lyfe dystroie.

Me. In crauing this thou speakest, that I
should shew thee some releefe,

Well goodynough, all this is done:
O ruthfull goddye greefe,

This is the onely sacryfice
that I can thee prouyde,

Unthansfull

Unthankfull Iason bether caste
 thy copesh looks asyde.
 Lo heare dost thou beholde thy wyfe?
 thus euer wonted I.
 When murder I had made, to scape,
 my way doth open lye
 That I may sprynge into the skyes:
 the flyeng serpentes twayne
 Submytted haue they: scaly neckes
 to poke of ratlyng wayne,
 Thou father haue thy sonnes agayne
 I in the wandryng skye,
 In nymble whelcd waggyn stwyfte
 will ryde aduanced hye.
 Go through the ample spaces wyde, 14.
 infecte the popsoned ayre,
 Beare wytnesse grace of God is none
 in place of thy repayre.

F I N I S

